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# Life and Light for Woman.

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GIRLS IN FOOCHOW BOARDING SCHOOL.

CHINA.  
THE FOOCHOW GIRLS' SCHOOL.

BY REV. JUDSON SMITH, D.D.

I HAVE seen the Girls' School of the Foochow Mission at Ponasang, under the joint care of Miss Newton and Miss Garretson, and am glad to express my entire satisfaction with all that I saw. My first glimpse was gained as we passed through Ponasang on our way to the city of Foochow upon our first arrival. Amid the noise and smoke of firecrackers, and the welcoming throngs around us, the fluttering handkerchiefs, and black eyes, and smiling faces of the eighty girls of this school, drawn up by themselves, were a marked and charming feature. The second interview was when I met them on a Saturday evening, assembled in their own chapel for a regular meeting of the Christian Endeavor Societies. All the students were there; the native teacher led the meeting; the seats were filled with attentive, interested girls from twelve to twenty years of age; many of them gave a brief testimony or led in a short prayer; all of them joined in singing; and the consecration hour, with which the meeting closed, was serious and impressive. Nearly half the students are connected with this society, and are active in Christian life and service. It is now the opening of a new year of study, and a large class has just entered; before the year ends doubtless the larger part of them will also come into this society.

The third time I saw the girls all together was at prayers in the morning, and for my benefit special exercises were introduced, including the gymnastic practice for the day. The liveliness of the girls, their sense of humor, the ease and gracefulness of their movements, and their responsiveness to all suggestions were delightful to observe. The order of the room was perfect, and the attention paid to a few remarks I made was all that the most fastidious could desire.

Besides these three occasions I saw the girls at church on Sunday, in their own grounds, and about the building, and the impression was equally favorable everywhere. The propriety of demeanor, the animation joined with personal dignity, the attractiveness of face and bearing could not easily be excelled at Wellesley or Mt. Holyoke. And the testimony of their teachers assured me that what I saw was the customary state of things and nothing exceptional.

When one considers from how many villages and homes these girls come, representing, at least, twenty-five different communities, and what transformations of bearing, and gifts, and character they experience during their

long stay in the school, and in how many homes and centers they afterwards shed abroad the light of pure lives and refined Christian character, their school at once assumes a central and indispensable place in all the work of the mission. I met those who had studied here in nearly every part of the field, teaching or doing Bible work, or the center and ornament of Christian homes.

The building is large and convenient, and well located. It is, however, far too small for the number of pupils who desire to come. If the present building and grounds could be duplicated, and at least one foreign teacher added to the force, the existing demand would only be fairly met. Premises just adjoining, and very desirable, happily are now for sale, and it is hoped that this enlargement may soon be secured. The Woman's Board can do nothing more important than to provide this admirable school with this necessary equipment.

Of the teachers who are in charge, Miss Newton and Miss Garretson, nothing that is new to your readers can be said. They were hospitality itself to me, making me perfectly at home in their house, and giving me every facility to see the school, the building, and the grounds. They are worthy the love and confidence reposed in them by their associates in the mission, and by their many friends in other missions, as well as by their friends at home. They carry too heavy burdens, and ought soon to have another associate. There may be forms of missionary work about which the questions are justly raised: "Is it worth while?" "Does it pay?" but in regard to this school and its influence there can be no such question or doubt. The more it thrives and enlarges, the greater the blessing to the mission and to the whole Empire of China.

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## TURKEY.

### BEING A MISSIONARY.

BY MRS. L. S. CRAWFORD, OF TREBIZOND.

EARLY in my missionary life I remember being asked the question, "How did you ever come to think of being a missionary?" The most natural answer was another question, "How could I ever grow up without thinking of it?" To all young ladies I want to say that the question is worth "thinking of." The result of your thinking may be the conviction that you should follow some other line of work. Nevertheless, think of it. It deserves your careful consideration. I address myself now to any who are thinking of it, or who should be thinking of it. It is not so very long



since I myself was going through this thinking process, and I remember it very vividly.

When you mention to your friends that you are thinking of being a foreign missionary, some of them will tell you that you are quite too good for this work,—that some one who has had fewer advantages, some one of less culture, some one made of a coarser fibre, not such a choice spirit as you, some one whose life is more nearly allied to those people in whom you have developed this sudden interest, some one not so far above them in education and refinement,—that such a person will do that work far better than you can do it; that it is your duty to use your superior talents where they will avail the most, and that it is wrong to “cast pearls before swine.” The argument sounds very reasonable, does it not? Examine it carefully. There is some right thinking in it, and you will not separate the right from the wrong easily. There is a great deal of work on missionary ground that can be done by persons of less ability than you. And if you have the superior gifts your friends believe you have, you will soon be able to classify your work, and put a large part of it into the hands of such persons,—that is, into the hands of your native helpers. There is work that they can do better than you can do it, if you will guide them. But they need your help and stimulus.

Young people in these days are impressed with the duty of self-development. I venture to say that you will find on missionary ground rare opportunities for just the development you need. If development means following out one especial line of study, until you can shine among the great lights of the world in that department, the ordinary missionary life will not furnish opportunity for it. If, on the contrary, development means a symmetrical broadening of your intellectual, moral, and spiritual nature, with the absolute necessity put upon you of filling up any deficiency that is found anywhere in you, I could almost say that there is no better place on the face of the earth for this than foreign missionary ground. Now, I do not say that if you are one in a thousand, and can take a position among the very few of the world’s geniuses, that you should be unmindful of that in choosing your calling. But most of us are not one in a thousand. Many of us are more ordinary than that. I, personally, believe that ten talents are well invested on missionary ground; but most of us possess only five, or two, or one.

As you take up your work, you will be obliged to do many things you are unfitted for, especially in the beginning, before you have been able to complete that classification of work that I referred to above. You are fond of school work, and feel that you can succeed in that, but you find your atten-



tion and time taken by most uninteresting and distasteful details of domestic work, toward which you never had any leaning, and which you know little about. I well remember how appalled I was when, in the first or second year (I think) of my missionary experience, I was in charge of the school-girls for an hour while they were mending their clothes, and one of them quietly said to me, "Will you please cut my dress?" I stood aghast. I, not at all an adept at dressmaking, then and there, without patterns, cut a dress for a girl sixteen years old? Don't ask me the end of this story, for it might be unpleasant for me, but remember that you need to be better equipped for your position than I was for mine. But perhaps you have a very practical turn of mind, and have received a careful domestic training in the most immaculate of New England kitchens. You will have even a worse time of it. It will distress you to see your cook put the pastry board on the floor, to roll out doughnuts, or to find her on top of the kitchen table, scrubbing it with her feet. These are not fancy sketches, but illustrations drawn from actual observation, and the kitchen was mine! You know something about music, but you never wanted to teach it. But your girls must learn something of it, and you must teach them, and even if it is not in your line, you must make the most of what you know and do the best you can with it. If, on the contrary, music is your specialty and your soul is full of it, your lot will be still harder, for melody and harmony do not come of themselves always. But your musical gift can be turned to great account, even though your ears are sorely tried.

You have been successful at home in direct, personal, Christian work, and you have come to your mission field with the thought that this gift of yours will have full scope, and that all your time can now be given to this loved work. But you find your attention so swallowed up in the routine of school and housekeeping, and your mind so busy with the many lessons, all essential, that your girls need to learn,—lessons in the minutest details of personal neatness, lessons in sweeping, and dusting, and cooking, and washing, and ironing (for a girl who is to marry a pastor ought to know how to laundry a Sunday shirt and collar); busy watching the work of your under-teachers, and stimulating them to greater effort, taking account of the daily purchases for the school,—your mind is so busy with all this that at night you draw a long breath and say to yourself, "Am I a teacher, or a housekeeper, or a dressmaker, or a bookkeeper, or a missionary?" But you are a missionary, and although the indirect missionary work sometimes threatens to drive out the direct work, it won't drive it out. You won't let it. But, instead, you will make all these side lessons stepping stones to the one great lesson. Shall I ask you now if you are too good for this work,—if your

powers are too great for it? Some of us who have tried it think we are not quite good enough for it. Here is what one missionary says, "I have had occasion to regret every neglected opportunity of my early life, both at home and in college, for I have stood in need of every unlearned lesson."

You will learn some very valuable lessons on "the art of living together." You have always been considered sweet tempered and good natured. But someway, now, under new and strange surroundings, amid difficulties that you have never met before, with people to whom you are not accustomed, you discover characteristics cropping out in yourself that you never knew existed. And you see that it is difficult for your missionary associates to understand you, and be patient with you. And your missionary associates rub against you, for, unfortunately, missionaries do not leave their human natures behind them when they sail. You don't know whether the trouble is with you or with them. But one thing is plain, the work needs both them and you, and rather than let that beloved work suffer, you must adapt yourselves to each other, and learn to work together. And sometimes heroic common sense and consecration are necessary for that.

In the course of all this there comes to you, the missionary worker, a development which is, I believe, more symmetrical than you would have had if you had devoted all your time and energy to your one favorite line of study. If you are weak, under this experience you will grow strong. If you are severe, you will soften. I have seen it. I have seen one who, in the beginning, was considered very "unpractical," later carrying on an institution that would bear the closest scrutiny from kitchen to parlor, from cellar to attic, from dormitory to schoolroom. A young lady who formerly was almost a laughing-stock on account of the way she kept her accounts, now carries on an industrial work for the benefit of women made poor by the massacres, and I recently saw reference, in a letter, to her "business faculty." That faculty was not a natural gift, but circumstances developed it.

I want to say a word about giving up society? What is society? Is it the circle of acquaintances in which you are entertained, and where your tastes are ministered to? Emerson, you know, says we must seek society vertically, not horizontally, not on our own level alone. Riding in an ox-cart, between Adabazar and a small Greek village, I listened to an address worthy of being transferred to a leaflet, with the heading, "How to treat our beasts of burden," and distributed by the humane society. The address was delivered in fragments, by the driver of the oxen, as he talked to his animals, and then turned and talked to us about them. I found myself in very interesting society that day.

I was once stranded for a few days in a very small, remote, Greek village,

on the coast of the Sea of Marmora, having with me, as companion, only a young Greek woman. Circumstances prevented our leaving the village, and we chafed under the detention. In the afternoon I wandered along a narrow street, hoping to find an opportunity to enter into conversation with the women in the doorways. I was invited into a house, where sat a young woman, bending over a frame of Oriental embroidery of rare beauty. I ventured to ask the price of it, but it was not for sale. She had worked three months, making it for her dowry. She was to be married in the winter, when the sailors would come home from their summer voyages. But there was no joy or brightness in her face as she spoke of her approaching marriage, and the sister, who sat by, said earnestly, turning to me: "Sometimes a boy loves a girl, and a girl loves a boy, and her parents don't let her marry him, but they marry her to another. What does the Book say about that?" And I understood that she was telling me the tale of the girl who sat beside me, bending over her embroidery, and she looked to me for help and comfort for that sister, whose sorrow was hers. The Oriental maid must accept her fate; but was I out of society, in that small village by the sea, when my heart came in contact with strong, deep feeling like that?

And, oh, the motherhood that I have seen in Armenian women, since the massacres have made their poverty poorer, and have led them to consider giving up their orphaned children to the care of strangers! I sometimes think the love of parents to children is even stronger where the other loves of life are lacking. Be that as it may, I know the affection is very strong. I well remember the bright, happy look that came into the face of a young girl who helped to support an invalid mother by weaving in a dark, dismal, miserable room. There seemed to be no brightness in her life, and I said to her, "How good that you can be such a help to your mother!" With a face full of cheer she replied, "Without me my mother would have died." Where we touch human hearts that are alive with love we are not out of society.

A missionary friend once said to me, "I believe if we have not the society we crave we should make the most of what we have." I tell you there is more in "what we have" than we know until we test it. Perhaps you want to ask me if I am always satisfied with it. Ah, no; I sometimes come home from visiting the people very heartsick, for I seem to see nothing but misery and degradation. But, may I ask you, doesn't society here sometimes disappoint you? Does it always give you what you ask? I believe that both here and there we may find in society more than we do if we open our eyes, and our ears, and our hearts.

## HOSPITAL LIFE IN AINTAB.

BY MISS ELIZABETH TROWBRIDGE.

THE hospital work for indoor patients began September 23d, though clinic patients had been treated before this time, and in fact an irregular clinic was held all through the summer, and a large number of patients came to have their wounds dressed. Up to the present date, Feb. 3, 1898, we have had ninety-nine patients in the wards. I want to tell you about some of them. When they stay with us for a long time we come to look on them as old friends, and I often find it very hard to send them back to their homes, knowing that we may never meet again. It is a great delight to watch the gradual change that often comes over those who stay with us several months. Though hospital life does not in itself transform people, and some continue selfish, idle, or discontented, many others learn to forget their own troubles in pity for those of their neighbors, and rules of order, cleanliness, and quiet, even though it is difficult to enforce them, have their effect after a time.

One very interesting patient, of whom I wrote to some friends in the fall, was a Turkish woman from Payas, a village near the seacoast, who came for the removal of an enormous spleen. The operation was successful, and the woman made a rapid recovery, to the great delight of all the other women patients. She was very tall, with an intelligent face and pleasant manners. There was a quiet dignity about her that was very attractive. Both she and her fine-looking husband, Ali, who seemed to be devotedly attached to his wife, and not at all ashamed to care for her whenever we gave him an opportunity, were very grateful for all that was done. When they left, I gave them a Turkish copy of the New Testament. They could not read themselves, and did not know what the book was; but I told them they would find many good words in it, and they promised faithfully to persuade some one in their native village to read it to them. A sweet-faced Armenian woman from Marash, who saw me give the book, said to me in an earnest whisper, when I went to her a few minutes after, "I'm very glad you did that; it's a kind of seed sowing, isn't it?" It did me good to hear her speak so, and to see the happy look on her face. We feel more and more every year that it is an incalculable blessing for people of the two races to be brought together as they are in the hospital. Again and again I see friendliness showing itself in little ways, as if it were the most natural thing in the world to be friendly and kind to those who in other places and circumstances would be enemies.

A mother and son were with us for several weeks, occupying a room on



the lower floor. They were Arabs, the father being the big man of a village six hours' journey from Aintab. The boy, I judged, was about twenty, though when I asked him his age, he replied with the lofty indifference to knowledge which Arabs can assume to such perfection: "How should I know how old I am? Does a man know his own age?"—as if it were a thing quite beyond the reach of human intellect. This youth of uncounted years, Mohammed Ali, received several wounds in the knee in a fight with a party of soldiers, who were trying to steal his father's sheep. He was very ill for weeks, and the daily dressing of his wounded leg was such a long, difficult process that doctors and nurses were about as tired when it was over as he was himself. His tall, gaunt mother—a picturesque figure in her long robes and head wrappings of dark blue—nursed him faithfully, rubbing, lifting, feeding him, bearing with all his fretfulness and unreasonable demands with the greatest gentleness and patience. As he improved and gained in strength, he learned to content himself better, and wild yells and shouts no longer burst forth from the little room. When free from pain, the young man was grave and dignified, and his long, sharp features had a half-sarcastic, half-meditative expression, worthy of a Greek philosopher. Time hung heavy, and he enjoyed looking at pictures and hearing stories of far-off "Amellica," and would even condescend to make jokes himself. He called his long leg, done up in its splints, his "Martini," and used to present legs instead of arms when the inspecting officer came around. It was a great day when, wrapped in his mother's long blue cloak and his own scarlet bed blanket, he first stepped outside the hospital door, and took a short walk with his mother and crutches to help him along.

A lanky, awkward figure, a thin, dark face, with a big nose and scowling forehead, a nasal voice always fretting and scolding,—that was Haiganoosh when she came in October. The awkward figure, the big nose, and the voice that goes with it and through it, are still here; but the face is cheerful and happy now, and the nasal voice does not fret and whine any longer. The poor girl, who has been ill for years and has had operation after operation, does not improve as we wish she might in physical condition; but the change in temper and disposition is wonderful. She has learned to be patient and respectful, to bear pain bravely, and to wait on others, for she can hobble about on crutches now. She learns hymns and verses with the little children when they have their schools, twice a week, and she has begun to knit a pair of stockings for the hospital. These things may not seem very great to those who do not know what a trial the girl was to all of us when she came, but to us they show a great change. She is an odd genius, and keeps all the women laughing over her odd ways. Her delib-

erate movements, her solemn and intent gaze when she is interested in anything that is being done, the droll remarks and weighty reflections on human nature that are jerked out of her from time to time, after long meditation, are a constant delight to us.

A wee baby boy was born in the hospital in January, the young mother having no suitable room at home in which she could be cared for, and no one to look after her there. Servants and women patients alike found it hard to keep away from the room where his majesty held court, for the mother was a most attractive little woman, and the baby was—a baby, and that is enough for women the world over. Twice the little man made a royal progress into the men's ward, to be held and gazed at in helplessness, but pleased, man fashion.

I wish I could tell you of others of our big family; of cheerful little Bollu, a bright-faced Armenian boy, from a mountain village, who used to exchange bits of useful information and hints on manners with his gruff old Turkish neighbor, Haji Durdu, as they lay in bed side by side; of funny, ten-year-old Hoosep, with one eye closed from an injury, and the other cocked up in a half comical, half appealing way; of Sultan, a tiny woman, always suffering, but always struggling after a smile; of grumpy Sarkis, dubbed Mrs. Gummidge, as he "feels smoky chimneys" and other woes of life more than other people, and is perpetually getting up new aches, and begging that every new remedy he sees tried for others may be applied to him.

We ask you to pray with us that God's spirit may come into the heart of each worker, even the humblest, connected with the hospital, so that all the work may be done for Jesus' sake, and that by our lives and words those who come for physical healing may be brought also to know the Saviour.

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### UNWORKED FIELDS.

BY MRS. HARLAN P. BEACH.

(Concluded from April number.)

[In the April number Mrs. Beach gave details of the first of three groups of countries where there is substantially no missionary work, *i. e.*, those where it is debarred by the hostility of the people. The second and third groups are given below.—ED.]

IN the second group, where hostility of Christian powers blocks missionary effort, Annam, Cambodia, Cochin China, and Tonquin are the chief dependencies of France in Asia. The hot climate, which varies but little throughout the year, and the excessive moisture during the summer rains, make the entire region a trying place for occidentals. Still it is not as un-



healthy as sometimes represented. The soil, especially about the river deltas, is exceedingly fertile and sustains a large population, about twenty million in the four colonies. French priests have been for many years indefatigably at work, and their Catholic converts are said to number more than eight hundred and ninety thousand. Both the French government and the missionary priests oppose the introduction of Protestant Christianity.

The Philippine Islands have been a part of the Spanish dominion since 1569. They are over four hundred in number, though some of them are mere rocks and reefs. The two largest, Luzon and Mindanao, contain about forty thousand square miles. The entire population is between seven million five hundred thousand and nine million five hundred thousand. Although Spain frowns on Protestant missions, the British and Foreign Bible Society have a depot on Luzon, and some portions of the Bible have been translated.

Against the discomfort of a warm and damp climate is set the compensation of a luxuriant vegetation and a flora unsurpassed for exuberance and beauty, while variety to life is given by frequent tidal waves, typhoons, and incessant earthquakes.

Missions in Siberia have made practically no headway. Early in the century Messrs. Stallybrass and Swan went there under the London Missionary Society, and accomplished something as explorers and translators of the Bible into the Buriat tongue. In 1840, however, the mission was suppressed by Russia. The work of Mr. Lansdell of the British and Foreign Bible Society met a similar fate. A dreary country, with its six million square miles to five million inhabitants, and its ice, and snow, and long dark winters, it is yet a sadly needy and much to be pitied one.

When the disciples came to Jesus disturbed and mortified because they could not cast out the dumb and deaf spirit which was tormenting the child, his answer to them was, "This kind can come out by nothing save by prayer." Has the church ever wrestled in prayer for the casting out of the demons of superstition and intolerance which prevent these many lands from receiving the gospel?

Of the third group, whose countries have been neglected because the church has been unready to enter them, South America is less truly an unoccupied field than a few years ago. A handful of workers are now in Bolivia, Ecuador, Peru, and Venezuela, though the needs of these fields and of other republics, especially Western Brazil, are still great. The climate varies in different sections of the continent, but is largely tropical. It is considered remarkably fine, regular, and healthful, however, and there is nothing in the physical conditions to exclude the missionary.

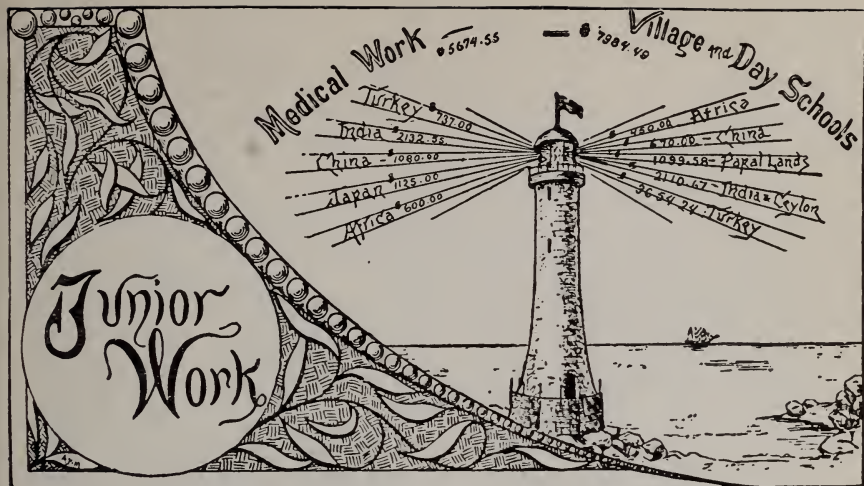
Mongolia has had one devoted missionary, James Gilmour, who became as a Mongol to the Mongols, living in their tents, tramping over the plains,—carrying whatever he needed of bedding and extra clothing on his back,—learning the language with no aid from grammar or dictionary, struggling with discouragement over their slowness in receiving the truth, and finally dying from the hardships of his lonely life. The London Missionary Society has been ready to send other missionaries into that work, but, with one possible exception, none have yet been found ready to go. Some spasmodic attempts have been made to reach the Mongols from Kalgan, the most northern station of the American Board in China, and two or three Scandinavian missionaries have toured there, but little has been accomplished. It is a hard field to work, but a small part of the heroism which has inspired arctic expeditions would have manned it.

The Sahara, one of the “links in the chain of great deserts that girdle the Old World from the Atlantic Coast across Africa, Arabia, Persia, Turkestan, and Mongolia to the Pacific,” is habitable only in the deep valleys of the mountainous parts, and in the oasis. No Protestant missionary has ever labored there, though a Catholic lay order, the Armed Brothers of the Sahara, was organized in 1890, to convert the inhabitants, assist escaped slaves, and tend the sick and wounded.

Of all the countries waiting for the gospel, none are more attractive or more promising than the Soudan. With its vast extent of territory, and its great population of over 50,000,000, it comprises, both geographically and numerically, almost one fourth of Africa. Its climate is healthful, its lands fertile, and its products capable of developing an active trade. It is a stronghold of Mohammedan fanaticism, but the gates are not barred and he who will may enter.

It is impossible to refrain from saying one word for the unevangelized masses in countries already possessing missions. In other parts of Africa, in India and in China, are many millions who do not know that any missionaries are in their midst. In two of the northern provinces of China, for instance, with their fifty millions, there are probably as many who have not heard the gospel message as in all of South America.

What answer shall we have to make to our Master if young hearts beat with eagerness to go to these waiting fields, and young lives are consecrated to world-wide service, but our indifference or self-indulgence holds them back?



- To give light to them that sit in darkness Luke 1:77 -

## CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR IN OTHER LANDS.

IN THE MADURA MISSION, INDIA.

THE number of societies of Christian Endeavor has grown considerably during the year. The movement has taken deep root and is rapidly spreading among our people. There are some thirty-five societies and about one thousand members in the mission. These societies are a valuable aid in teaching the young their duties as Christians. Many of our people who have reached years of maturity are yet children in Christian life and experience, so that this work is suited to many more than those who are still children in age. The year has been notable in respect to this movement. Dr. F. E. Clark visited us in February, and his inspiring addresses in Madura and Pasumalai, and his visit to the Battalagundu station, did much to strengthen the societies already existing, and to arouse the mission agents to start new societies. Mr. Vaughan writes thus of his visit to Madura: "The societies are doing good work and have been much quickened by the visit of Dr. F. E. Clark, whose words of counsel and message of love found a place in the hearts of the six or seven hundred people who gathered to meet him in the East Church. This visit in February, followed by the convention of the Y. P. S. C. E. Union for South India, which met here in September, has made the year a memorable one in the annals of the Madura Endeavorers."





CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR SOCIETY, MADURA.

The Christian Endeavor Societies in the Madura Boarding School have had a prosperous year. They hold their prayer meetings every Sunday noon and once a month they have a missionary meeting. The meeting on China proved so interesting that the girls asked that it be continued the next Sunday; but the young chairman of the missionary committee said decidedly, "No; you cannot have a missionary meeting oftener than once a month." More than Rs. 72 have been raised by the society, part of which has been given to the church which the girls attend. The larger part has gone toward the support of a Bible woman who works in four villages across the river. Four or five of the girls have frequently gone out on a Sunday afternoon to the village where the Bible woman lives to help her in holding meetings. The Sunday school conducted by a committee of the Christian Endeavor Society has had an average attendance of forty. Besides the little Christian children who live near by, a number of Hindu boys are regular attendants, following the girls home from church. Both the senior and junior societies hold a public meeting once a year, to which their friends are invited. Reports of the various committees are read and the Bible woman gives an account of her work. The programme is varied, consisting of songs, dialogues, recitations, etc., and is prepared entirely by the girls. This society has done much in helping the girls toward active Christian work. On their return from the long vacation many were able to report work done for Christ. When we realize the difference between these educated girls and the ignorant village women by whom they are often surrounded in their own homes, we can understand what an influence for good they may exert if only their lives are wholly consecrated to the Master's service.—*From the Annual Report of the Mission for the year 1897.*

#### IN CHINA.

The following letter was sent from the Christian Endeavor Society in the Foochow Boarding School to a former member of the school married and living at one of the country stations. It is in reply to a letter from her saying that with much fear and trembling a society had been organized. The advice so freely given might be profitable to societies in other lands than China:—

OUR WORTHY SISTER, LOTUS GEM, PEACE TO YOU: When we received your letter and heard that you had started a Christian Endeavor Society, we were very glad and thanked God for his grace. Although where you are the members are but few, and they do not know their Bibles very well, yet God has chosen you to be their leader, and you need not be afraid, for he certainly will make your work to succeed. Please read Philippians i. 6: "Being confident of this very thing, that he which hath begun a good work in you will perform it until the day of Jesus Christ." Read also



CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR CONVENTION IN FOOCHOW.



1 Timothy iv. 12: "Let no man despise thy youth; but be thou an example of the believers, in word, in conversation, in charity, in spirit, in faith, in purity." With full purpose of heart you must study the Bible, and by all means you must be humble before God, and remember that if you trust your own strength to bear the responsibility that God has put upon you, you certainly will fail. You must abide in Christ. See John xv. 5. The Saviour says, "I am the vine, ye are the branches: He that abideth in me, and I in him, the same bringeth forth much fruit: for without me ye can do nothing."

And so we know that if we want to accomplish any good thing, our hearts must continually abide in Christ, and we must trust him. See Philippians iv. 13: "I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me." See also the last clause of Nehemiah viii. 10: "The joy of the Lord is your strength." Therefore, you must not be sorrowful because you are not wise and fluent in speech, and do not know how to lead the meetings. When the time comes, first pray earnestly, and with an empty heart receive the Holy Spirit into your inmost soul. Then speak out the words that the Holy Spirit teaches you. In this way you can move men and have a lively meeting, and the members will all be benefited.

Now, the most important thing for you to teach them is what they must do to be saved. See John iii. 16: "For God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." See also 1 John v. 12: "He that believeth on the Son hath life, and he that believeth not on the Son of God hath not life" (Chinese Version). Romans ix. 10-13 expresses the same thought. From this we see that salvation comes from faith in Christ. In Ephesians ii. 8, 9, we read, "For by grace are ye saved through faith; and that not of yourselves: it is the gift of God: not of works, lest any man should boast." And so we see that salvation is God's free gift, and not the result of being good, or any merit of our own; neither is it because we are scholars and have read a great deal of the Bible, for, if that were the case, there would be many people who would have no hope. Now, we know that any one who is willing to believe in the Saviour will surely be saved, and we hope that God will bless you and cause your Society to make great progress, that many women will be brought into it and find the Saviour, and so bring glory to God. Even so, Amen.

#### IN THE CESAREA FIELD, TURKEY.

We often hear of societies that have a name but not much else; it sometimes happens in Turkey that we have the thing itself, but are not free to use the name. "Society," "Union," "Endeavor," are words that have practically been prohibited in Turkey for a number of years; yet ever since



that delightful visit of Dr. and Mrs. Clark to Cesarea in 1893, many of the children in our schools and congregations have been banded together in little groups that take the "Junior Endeavor Pledge" and try hard to fulfill both its letter and its spirit.

All of the girls in the Talas Boarding School are thus gathered into groups, and the older ones take great pleasure in working for the "Massacre Orphans." They "mother" them in a very pleasant way, helping them to keep clean hands, neat clothes, etc., and often playing games with them. This, of course, is in addition to their regular prayer meetings and their work among those outside of the school. Visiting and carrying flowers to the sick, reading the Bible to them, or to others who don't know how to read; gathering the children in neglected streets for a Sunday school, and that, too, in spite of opposition and sometimes even of stoning; in such ways as these they are "trying to do what Jesus wants to have" them do. If they take the pledge and try to keep it in this way, am I not right in calling them "Junior Endeavorers," even if they are not officially enrolled? One of the best features about the whole thing is that when they go home from school, or go out to teach, they keep on working in just the same way in other places and thus the seed is sown broadcast. In touring among the outstations our hearts were often encouraged to find new plants springing up in unexpected places. More than forty children in Gemerek pledged themselves to read at least a few verses every Sunday morning to some one who could not read.

Who can tell how great a harvest may be garnered from such sowing! Let us all pray earnestly for them, and ourselves "try to do what Jesus wants to have us do."—*Rev. James L. Fowle, Woburn, April 21, 1898.*

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## Scraps from our Work Basket.

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CONTRIBUTIONS FOR THE MONTH. A still further decrease of \$580.61 in the contributions for the month ending April 18th, as compared with the same month in 1897, makes it necessary to sound a note of alarm to our constituency. The total decrease since the beginning of the financial year now amounts to \$4,361.15. The amount necessary for the appropriations for 1898, owing mostly to the high prices and great necessities in India and Turkey, is \$4,690.68 more than in 1897. Thus it is necessary that about nine thousand dollars more than last year must be raised during the next six months to fulfill the pledges of the Board to its workers,—must we not say,



also, to the One who sits over against the treasury? What can be done? In the first place let us look to God for wisdom and help in our time of need. We know that the silver and the gold are His, and that the hearts of all men and women are in his hand. Let us ask, with a faith that cannot be denied, that the Christian women in our churches—more than two hundred thousand of them—shall take this cause to their hearts. We wish that every auxiliary society might appoint a day of prayer sometime during the month of June on which all could unite in their homes or in a meeting to seek a blessing on the work of the Board, especially remembering its treasury. In the second place let us not cease our personal hand-to-hand effort to reach those not yet fully enlisted in our societies. Work during the summer months must, of necessity, be largely individual. We wish it might be that some one woman in every church—perhaps it might be you yourself who read these words, dear friend—would see that every woman in the congregation has something to take with her in her summer absence,—a leaflet, a picture, a number of LIFE AND LIGHT, a suggestion of some book for summer reading,—some gentle reminder that the work must go on at all seasons and of its great needs. We wish also that the many societies and individuals who did not use the Lenten-offering envelopes might take the extra-cent-a-day envelopes for at least one of the summer months. This can be done by any one who desires it, however far she may be from her home and usual church avocations. Our blessings as Christian women are enhanced by the beautiful vacation season. Let us remember to share with those in dreadful need.

FRIDAY MORNING MEETINGS. When this number reaches our readers our Friday morning meetings will be drawing to a close for the season. We wish to record our high appreciation of the blessing this weekly gathering of from seventy-five to a hundred women has been to our work. The large attendance shows that it holds a warm place in the hearts of women in Boston and vicinity, and it also affords a most delightful rendezvous for interested workers from all parts of our own country and from the four corners of the globe. The faces of many missionaries have grown familiar and very dear to those who have met them on the close family footing that the meeting affords, and it has been pleasant also to welcome the earnest native workers from India, and from Iceland, from Bulgaria, Syria, and Spain. We are sure that those who can attend this meeting and do not do so miss a rare and uplifting influence in their lives.

A PROTEST AGAINST THE CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR PAPER IN SPAIN. The fact that the second issue of the Christian Endeavor paper, under care of our missionaries in San Sebastian, failed to find a printer in the city, was

mentioned in our April number. A protest came out soon afterwards in a San Sebastian paper, which ended as follows: "Shame for Spain! Infinite misfortune for this city, that it has been selected by the followers of Luther as the centre whence shall flow all the poisonous virus which their erroneous doctrines contain. We as Catholics, as Spaniards, and as Carlists, lovers of the Catholic unity, of the traditional monarchy, protest energetically against the infamous, daring attack contained in the paper which is announced against the sacred motto of our banner, 'God, country, and king.'"

**CHILDREN'S MISSIONARY MAY FESTIVAL.** The children's missionary May festival, which has come to be a permanent institution among the mission circles in the vicinity of Boston, was held in Berkeley Temple, Boston, on Saturday, May 7th. The audience, never larger than this year, and completely filling the large audience room, was estimated at about fifteen hundred. The exercises pertained almost exclusively to the city of Foochow, China, where the children are doing so much to raise money for the enlargement of the girls' school building. Missionaries in the city were personated by boys and girls who told: "How I reached Foochow"; "What I saw in Foochow"; "How I learned the language." Another gave a description of the girls' boarding school at the "Hill of Protected Happiness"; and still another told the story of Wun Wang. Miss Mary Morrill, from China, assisted by Miss Annie C. Strong, of Auburndale, gave a scene in a Chinese home where the missionary was calling, and where children begged to go to the school but were refused for want of room. In the latter half of the meeting there were beautiful stereopticon views of Foochow and its people, explained in a most interesting way by Rev. Lyman P. Peet, of Foochow. Pledges of money from the different mission circles were given, amounting to \$395. Although full of interest in China, we could not forget our own land and the victory at Manila, of which the official report had come an hour or two before, and all sang "America" to the grand old tune that rings through England and America. As more than a thousand children's voices took up the song, every heart beat loyally to the stars and stripes as well as to the King of kings.

**OUR WORK IN SAN SEBASTIAN, SPAIN.** On April 23d a cable despatch was received at the American Board Rooms, stating that all the members of the mission to Spain were safe in Biarritz, France. The particulars of the removal were received by mail on Wednesday, May 4th, and were as follows: On Friday, April 22d, by the strong advice of Minister Woodford and of Spanish friends in the city, it was decided to move the school to Biarritz, where the teachers had previously found a commodious

villa that could be secured in case of need. As soon as the decision was reached all went to work with a will, packing all night long, and at twenty minutes past six Saturday morning a party of forty-five, thirty-eight of them Spanish pupils, with forty-seven trunks and bags, left San Sebastian. Two of the teachers remained to send more goods later, and before midnight Saturday night all were safely housed in Biarritz. At nine o'clock on Monday morning the classes were at work as usual. The teachers gratefully mentioned the fact that no trace of feeling against them because they are Americans could be discovered among the pupils, and we venture to say that the American teachers only lavished more love than ever on the Spanish pupils, on account of the troublous times in their beloved Spain. That the parents were willing that their daughters should follow the teachers to France, shows how completely our missionaries have gained their confidence. May the time soon come when peace shall reign between the two countries, and the pure gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ, with its revivifying power, shall be spread abroad in the land of Spain.

THE MORNING STAR. The Morning Star arrived in Honolulu April 15th, thus allaying any anxiety that may have existed as to her safety in the Southern Seas. Four missionaries were on Board, Miss Palmer and Miss Wilson from Kusaie, Mrs. Price and Miss Foss recently from Ruk. It is expected that the trip of the Morning Star will be omitted this summer. No missionaries will go to the islands, but supplies will be sent in some other way. Our little band of workers in Micronesia never needed the prayers and sympathy of friends at home as they do in their isolation at the present moment. How few they are! Mrs. Price, Mrs. Logan, and her daughter Beulah, on Ruk. Dr. and Mrs. Rife, Mr. Walkup, Miss Hoppin, and Miss Olin at Kusaie. Almost the only comfort is that there is One from whom they cannot be isolated, whose love and care can never fail.

THE MISSIONARY MAGAZINE. I wish just to tell you two thoughts I have with regard to the necessity a journal is to any missionary association. If we may illustrate smaller things by higher and greater ones, and I think we may, it seems to me that the argument in Romans x. 14, 15,—“How shall they believe in Him of whom they have not heard? And how shall they hear without a preacher? And how shall they preach except they be sent?”—as applied to the heathen world, has a parallel in the need for a missionary journal. How can our people know and be interested in our work unless they hear or read about it? And how can they do this unless they have a record of it? And how can they get such a record unless in the form of a missionary publication, universally circulated in all our congrega-



tions? Then I think we get a second parallel, and this a more personal one, from our missionary psalm, the 67th. We read: "God be merciful unto us, and bless us, that thy way may be known upon earth, thy saving health among all nations. Let the people praise thee, O God; let all the people praise thee. . . . Then shall the earth yield her increase; and God, even our own God, shall bless us; God shall bless us, and all the ends of the earth shall fear him." We have here a beautiful circle, and I think each of our members should make themselves and the magazine parts of such a circle; first, by being interested enough to read it carefully and diligently, and they would find by such reading that their interest was greatly stimulated and increased, and their labor for the cause was more abundant. Then, as a result, they would look forward with eagerness to each new number of our journal, and to all they could learn of the work from it. I think I cannot close better than by telling you what a dear and wise friend, ardently interested in our work, asked me to say to you, and I thoroughly indorse her opinion, "that if we had no magazine, we should soon have no Association." — *Our Sisters in Other Lands.*

MISS WILLARD AS A TEACHER. In the autumn of 1890 I was going to the Pacific Coast with my husband, and stopping over in Chicago a few days we went to Evanston one afternoon on invitation of Miss Willard. . . . In the gloaming we drove with Miss Willard and her mother about the attractive university town and on the shore of Lake Michigan. I shall never forget Miss Willard's pointing to certain windows in the Women's College with the remark, "My Gethsemane was there." Those who have read her "Glimpses of Fifty Years" know what that meant. She began her career as a teacher, and was the first woman to be elected president of a college. It was due largely to her labors that the town authorities of Evanston donated one of the chief parks of that town as the site of the Women's College. Miss Willard, with others, solicited the money for this building. She foresaw that it meant giving women an equal educational chance with men, and she regarded it as in a certain sense a memorial to her sister Mary, whose earth life Miss Willard has made familiar to us all. Those who know Miss Willard's magnetic power in drawing together a constituency of three hundred and fifty thousand women in the United States alone can imagine how in her enthusiastic youth she would win hero-loving schoolgirls to her high ideals. She knew that co-education was on trial. She felt that the future educational opportunities for women largely rested with these pioneers, and she used to say to them out of a full heart and far-seeing eyes, "God help you to be good." As Professor of Esthetics

in the faculty of Liberal Arts, Miss Willard taught the men students as well as the women, and although it was a new experience for these college men to recite to a woman, they soon found that it was no ordinary woman they had to deal with, and they gave her respectful and admiring allegiance. Just two years after the Women's College was incorporated with the university Miss Willard's hour of trial came. She disagreed with the faculty on certain questions of administration and voluntarily sent in her resignation. Then followed that night of deep distress as she shut herself out of sight in her suite of rooms at the Women's College, which she alluded to as her Gethsemane. The larger plans of Providence for her were all unknown. She did not have the support of foreseeing her glorious future. She only felt that her most cherished plans were overthrown. The story of that night's struggle as told in her "Glimpses" is most pathetic. It also reveals her own beautiful spirit. As the outcome of hours of wrestling, her final words were, "Good to forgive; best to forget." Then came happiness and deep peace. With the simplicity and sweetness of a child, she begged pardon of the president for everything she had ever done and said that was not right, and told him she desired to be at peace with God and every human soul. I have heard Miss Willard severely, and sometimes uncharitably, criticised by those inside and outside that great organization of which she was leader. I never heard one word of unkindly criticism from Frances Willard's lips, even when we were talking over these critics of hers in the unreserve of private conversation. She was too large-hearted, and broad-minded, and sweet-spirited to resent personal attack. If the cause was endangered she spared no pains to defend that.—*Mrs. Joseph Cook, in "The Message."*

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#### EXTRACTS FROM RECENT LETTERS.

FROM MISS LAURA SMITH, UMZUMBE, SOUTH AFRICA.

LAST Sunday we had the communion service here. My thoughts always turn, especially at such a time, to the loved ones over the sea; and I remember the beautiful home church, with its soft carpets and beautiful singing, and the solemn hush, but I am not sure that God is any more pleased with that service than he is with the crude service in our native churches. Last Tuesday Hannah, the old Bible woman here, came for me to go with her to a kraal for a meeting there. I was very glad to go, and had asked her to let me know as soon as she was ready and I would accompany her.

We went off through the high grass and across the gardens, Hannah telling me various stories and pointing out objects of interest. Once I admired the

grass, and she told me that the heathen people take this kind of grass and beat their pumpkin vines with it, so that they will bring forth abundantly, not knowing that only God can cause the gardens to yield their increase. There are kinds of medicine which they burn in the gardens in order that they may be fruitful, and some kinds which they plant. When we reached the hut we first had a long talk with a poor sick woman. A tree fell on her head four months ago, when she was getting wood, and since then she has suffered constantly. I should not wonder if she broke her skull then.

Finally our audience gathered, eleven grown people and several babies, and we began the service. Hannah prayed, and I sang, and then talked awhile, taking for my text the story of the two giants. I went back and referred to how God made the earth, and how Satan came and got men to serve him, and then how Jesus had come as one mightier than he to take from Satan his stolen kingdom. After a short, plain talk I led in prayer. Hannah took the lead.

"Inkosuzana" (myself) "has been telling you," she said, "about these two giants." Then she went on to explain and enlarge what I had just said. I wish that I could have understood and written down all of her graphic description of the Garden of Eden story. "Eve," said Satan, "just pick some of that delicious fruit and taste it, it won't hurt you." Then up ran Satan into the tree and picked some and ate it, smacking his lips to show her how nice it was. . . . And God told Adam to make an *isiduaba* (a skin petticoat such as all heathen women wear) for Eve. So you see that an *isiduaba* was the first garment, except the leaves, which they had worn together, etc.

I cannot give you just her words, and it needs her graphic gestures and expressions to make it satisfactory.

FROM MISS M. L. PAGE, SAN SEBASTIAN, SPAIN, APRIL 4TH.

Before this reaches you you will know the result of the present deliberations, but for two weeks and more we have been daily, almost hourly, dreading to hear that war has been declared. We have been stirred up by reports—once that General Lee had been killed in Cuba (news apparently manufactured in Madrid), and last night by hearing that the Pope had been besought by President McKinley to intervene with Spain. This has been confirmed in the morning papers.

We have not packed our trunks, but we have planned to take the whole boarding school across the border, unless the parents should object, which they probably will not do, and go on in the most available house that can be found. If war should be declared, without doubt there would be sufficient

time given to leave the country. It is barely possible, also, that they would allow us to stay. Mr. Gulick was assured by a Spanish friend the other day that there was no strong feeling against us as Americans; that, on the contrary, they had praised us for our behavior in these last trying weeks. This is due largely to the wisdom and prudence with which Mr. Gulick has met the attacks made upon Protestantism and upon himself in the newspapers, and the tact which he has used in directing the publishing of the *Christian Endeavor* paper in the face of determined hostility. This friend said that it might be possible for us to stay if there were war, but probably it would not be wise, and no one could tell what some hot-headed fanatic might do. We are literally living one day at a time, but if you could look in upon us, I do not believe you would think there was anything disturbing in the air. Two new boarders came to us last week all the way from Malaga. The daily routine goes on as usual. Yesterday, being the first Sunday in the month, we had a very interesting missionary meeting on China, with intelligent papers written by the Missionary Committee. We are not over anxious for the future, believing that God will take care of his work and do the best for Spain.

FROM REV. R. A. HUME, IN THE ANNUAL REPORT OF THE  
MARATHI MISSION.

It is only right for a missionary to make very warm acknowledgment of the most humane and wise treatment by the government of India in the great famine of 1897. After the famine of 1877 it prepared an elaborate code of directions to officers in various departments for guidance when a famine threatens, begins, increases, and even when it has abated. Undoubtedly the code indicates only the ideal, which in practice the government did not realize. But so far as my knowledge goes, the higher officers, especially the Europeans—of course some were not as wise and humane as others—as a body deserve the admiration and gratitude of all lovers of humanity for their devotion and wisdom in this famine. Tests which were in the main suitable were everywhere employed to limit the danger of pauperizing the people, and to prevent needless expense. But the fidelity, the energy, the entire absence of parsimony deserve open acknowledgment. The famine made me see more than before something of the awful condition of men, and the inability of Hinduism to help men. In the days of want multitudes of men and women thought of nothing but the stomach, and moral considerations had no place. Laziness, immorality, lying, cheating, robbing were most prevalent. It was common for subordinates on relief works to rob the poorest in many ways, and fictitious names were



entered on the rolls of relief works to cheat the government. I never heard anyone suggest that any of this wrong-doing was opposed to Hinduism, or that Hinduism had any power to remove it.

Miss A. M. Colby, of Osaka, Japan, writes of the girls' school in that city:—

It was founded in prayer, as an experiment to prove that Christians in Japan could maintain a self-supporting school, and although it has been a target for Christians, non-Christians, Japanese, English, and Americans, suffering most from its own advocates and supporters, yet it has held its existence for nearly twenty years. Christian and non-Christian parents have been sending their daughters here, because they believe that it is a place safe from evil influences. The only requisites for being on the School Committee are that the person be a Japanese, a man, and a Christian. The pastors of the four self-supporting churches in Osaka are trustees by virtue of their office, and the school has always been called the child of the churches. Of course their ways of working are sometimes the opposite of American ideas, but so far the love of Jesus Christ has surmounted all difficulties, to the astonishment of many who have critically watched proceedings.

The outlook for Christian enterprises is better than two or five years ago, but the hard times for Christian girls' schools are not yet over. I am happier to have it so, however, than to have our trustees and teachers trying so much to please wealthy patrons, which was the beginning of our troubles. It is just as hard to serve God and Mammon in Japan as in Christian countries. When I consider the whole question from a purely Christian standpoint I am satisfied and profoundly thankful. During these long years this school has been a constant light for our Lord Jesus Christ in the midst of a great heathen city. The pupils are scattered from Formosa to Sapporo, in America, Korea, and in nearly every province in Japan, and our first pupils are now sending their daughters.

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## Our Work at Home.

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GRADUATING FROM JUVENILE AND JUNIOR SOCIETIES.

BY MISS EMMA T. BIRD.

THE question as to the time for graduation from our younger societies is a very serious and very practical one. It confronts many of the members in our juvenile and junior societies to-day. Have we as members of these societies done our work, and will the best interests of the work as a whole

be promoted by our taking upon ourselves the duties and responsibilities of membership in the older societies? This is the question. How shall it be met, and how answered? First, it should be met with a spirit of Christian love and helpfulness. Not what I want, but what does the work need? Not, where can I find the greatest enjoyment, but where can I do my best work? where will my influence count most for the advancement of Christ's kingdom? With a heart, then, of love for God and the progress of his work, and a very strong desire to promote the best interests of our church and the different societies in our church, we come now to the question, when shall we graduate?

It has been said that women are by nature conservative, that it is always easy for them to decide in favor of the existing order; but if we always so decide, where will change and improvement ever come in? The three societies might easily represent three stages in our mental and spiritual development. To the child in the Mission Circle, it is the picturesqueness of life in other lands that appeals. She is interested in child life in China, Japan, and India, with their quaint customs, their gay dresses, their funny ways of living and traveling. The presentation of the work is made as realistic as possible, but each programme should emphasize the thought that it is done for Christ and his little ones. At fifteen, a girl's reading has broadened and her interest deepened. She realizes, in a measure, the desperate needs of the unchristian nations; that "there is sin, and shame, and sorrow everywhere." The junior auxiliary should meet these growing mental and spiritual needs. As a member in a junior auxiliary, she contrasts her own joyous, happy life, with all its helpful influences toward the freest, most spontaneous self-development, with the joyless, sad, shut-in, aimless life of her sister over the seas. She enters enthusiastically into the medical work, for she realizes what sickness means to millions who are without God in the world, and becomes willing "to go, or to let go, or to help go." A college course, with all its training and influence directed toward high, noble womanhood, comes to her, and she realizes, with a thrill of gratitude, that similar courses are provided for the girls in Turkey and Spain through our missionary colleges. What training school the junior auxiliary is for independent thinking, steadfastness of purpose, and broadened sympathies! I suppose a girl rarely reaches her thirtieth birthday before the meaning of sorrow comes to her with a very real and personal interpretation. The shadows of the dark angel's wings rest upon her pathway, and she is taken away for a time from her ordinary cares and interests. How the relative value of things changes!

She is alone and yet not alone, for One stands by who is like to the



“Son of God.” The promises are verified,—“Like as a father pitieth,” “As one whom his mother comforteth.” After such an experience she takes up her work with renewed consecration, knowing, as she never knew before, the blessedness of the gospel story.

At just this point the senior auxiliary, with its strong, more intense spiritual life, should be able to help the new life struggling within her for expression. The experiences of life are many and varied. Sorrow is only one, but each and all tend to develop and prepare one for higher and more mature service. In a general way this answers the question where, but an individual must always decide the time for herself.

Have you a faculty of presenting pictures in a very realistic way to the children? Can you win their love and confidence? Then stay with them in the mission circle. They need you; the society needs you. Are you an older member of a junior auxiliary, and are you questioning your duty? Have you an influence over the younger members in your society? Will they come to the meetings and help with the programmes because you personally ask them? Can you take a few facts and so enliven them that instead of a dull recital you can give a thrilling story that will interest lively girls, and touch their hearts? If so, these are instruments put into your hands by God to lead others to him, and your work is with the junior auxiliary.

If, on the other hand, the younger members will not take part, knowing that you can do the work better, then suppose you try to get some young girl to take your place, and you join the senior society. I would especially emphasize that point, getting the new member before you resign your membership. A cause is never promoted by tearing down. We can't afford to lose one of our workers. If all the members of our junior auxiliaries who are over thirty should suddenly abandon their societies, where would the work be? It would take many of the best trained workers. We need them to help in developing the new material that should be added every year to our societies. If the younger members feel that it is your society, why not form a junior department with meetings especially planned for the girls, but under the care of one president? Then have union meetings occasionally, with members from each department taking part in the programme.

It may be hard for some of you, who are members of suburban churches, rich in young people, to realize the corresponding poverty in some of the city churches. There are churches lacking the material to form a junior auxiliary made up of members whose ages shall range from fifteen to twenty. Under these circumstances it would seem wiser “to strengthen the things that remain.” Keep on with your junior auxiliary even if all the members

are over twenty and the majority thirty. Some one has said that "you never love a cause until you have borne the burden of it." To many of you, I am sure, the welfare of your missionary society is very precious. Be generous and broad minded enough to consider the best interests of your auxiliary. If there are others to carry on the work, then move forward and find help, strength, and inspiration from the members and work of the older society. If the junior auxiliary needs you, then stay until you are gray haired.

The Woman's Board of Missions depends upon the junior auxiliaries for a large work. Let us not disappoint the Board. And remember, "that with or without our help God's work must go on, God's work does go on." And when His kingdom is come, and "He whose right it is shall reign," what thought will be so precious to us as to know that we have helped to hasten the day of his coming?

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## LEATHER WORK FOR BOYS.

BY MARGARET ALISON MUIR.

In an article written by Mrs. F. J. Goodwin, which appeared in the March number of LIFE AND LIGHT, reference was made to the leather work done by the boys of the Glen Ridge Mission Band. As a consequence, I have been overwhelmed with letters, pouring in from the North, South, East, and West, which I find it impossible to answer. Reflected from the pages of each letter I seem to see the perplexed faces of many earnest Mission Band workers, and hear each one saying, "Do tell us how to interest the boys." Looking into these faces, I shall endeavor in this article to tell them how we succeeded here in Glen Ridge, not doubting that, since "boys will be boys" the world over, your success will prove as gratifying, with God's blessing.

First, let me explicitly state that the work on leather to be described is not Mexican or repoussé work, but is a simplified method of carving or etching on leather adapted to little hands, and with wonderfully effective results. Get your leather at any large leather store; a half hide of calfskin will cost from \$2.50 up. Most stores sell "scrap" leather for twenty or twenty-five cents a pound. The tools necessary are a gouge or carver, a widener, and one or more background tools. C. S. Osborne, 19 Mechanic Street, Newark, N. J., will furnish, for a one-cent stamp, a catalogue, and in it on page 42, No. 134, size 0, is the gouge required, price forty cents. On page 11, No. 12, size 1, is the widener, which costs twenty cents. For the background tools, see pages 81-87, which vary in price, from thirty-five cents upwards. While not absolutely necessary, it is desirable to have a knife, with which to cut the leather, and on page 29, No. 73 answers this purpose nicely. It is well for each boy to own one or more tools, if he can afford to, otherwise have a few sets as the property of the band. Make simple designs, bearing in mind you are working with children. I can furnish

such designs, six for fifty cents, or \$1 per dozen, adapted for penwipers, lamp mats, corners for writing-pads, photograph frames, etc.

Prepare your pieces by drawing your designs, and dampen your leather before meeting your class. Next, get your boys together, have strong tables (soap-boxes are quite as serviceable), then begin. Given a boy, three tools, a hammer, and a piece of leather, you will find your problem a most interesting one. How shall we work out the result? Begin with straight lines before attempting curved ones. Taking the carver in your right hand, press slightly with the forefinger, following the line drawn, up. As in everything else, to reach perfection requires practice. Next, take the widener, and pass over the line already cut. This broadens and deepens the impression. After you can do straight and curved lines nicely, try some simple design, such as a flower or leaf; after cutting and widening, as explained, take the background tool, and with a hammer indent it closely up to the pattern carved, and then fill in all the spaces between this pattern and the edges, and the result will prove most satisfactory, as the matter will appear to be raised.

Moisten the leather before putting in the background. Begin with small pieces, and as the boys become more proficient, give them larger pieces to do, with more difficult designs. The "finishing up" is done by oiling the work slightly with neat's-foot oil. This darkens the leather. Keep some pieces light, so as to have a variety. Back the leather with some harmonious shade of felting, or use velvet leather. The penwipers must have a few layers of chamois or flannel inside, tied through with a bit of pretty ribbon. As I am endeavoring to give only the practical facts concerning the process of the work, those fancy touches must be left to your own ingenuity.

After everything is nicely finished have a "sale" of the articles, and doubtless you will find, as we have, that the parents are usually desirous of buying the work of their children. Ask moderate prices, remembering that the making of a sum of money, desirable as it is, is not the only end in view. Have your boys learned patience, dexterity with tools, neatness, perseverance? These results are more than money-valued.

In closing, I should like to say a few words about the method of conducting the meetings of a boy's band. Personally, I have found that in working with boys it is always best to let them feel their responsibility. Let them run their meetings under your supervision, of course. Use parliamentary rules in simplest forms. I find this an admirable plan. For instance, in one band, the president (age eleven) presides, sitting in the "chair," while I, as prompter, sit near by. He calls the meeting to order, gives out the hymn, and leads in our Lord's Prayer. This is all done with an air which shows he realizes the dignity of his position. Business is next called for, motions are made, seconded, and occasionally "thirded." It works well in preserving order, and does anyone fear that the children will become automatons? Wait one moment until the order is given, "Get to work," and you'll hear and see just a noisy crowd, happy and jolly as boys should be. Once a month we vary our exercises by having an open meeting, when the boys and girls meet together and some missionary topic is taken up. In this way we have taken Alaska, China, Japan. If you cannot secure an out-

side speaker, let the children themselves make the meeting interesting by reading papers prepared beforehand, dressing in costume, etc., or in any way a wide-awake leader might suggest. Basket-weaving and chair-caning are also fine things for the boys to work on. Anyone living near a large city can easily get instruction in either of these useful industries. Whatever you do, don't ask the boys to sew! Leather work is preferable to that; at least, we have found it so.

GLEN RIDGE, N. J.

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### OUR BOOK TABLE.

*The Personal Life of David Livingstone, LL.D., D.C.L.* By W. Garden Blaikie, D.D., LL.D. Published by Fleming H. Revell Co. Pp. 508. Price, \$1.50.

This biography of a distinguished Scotchman is written by a Scotchman, himself well known in Edinburgh circles and throughout the United Kingdom as a professor in the Free Church Theological School and a reformer in the cause of temperance. Mrs. Blaikie has been for many years President of the Woman's Temperance Society of Edinburgh, and the Professor and Mrs. Blaikie banished wine from their table, when such a course required more moral courage in the Scottish capital than it would in Boston or New York among similar circles.

The first chapter in this life of the great African explorer begins with pre-natal influences and his early years, and the closing chapters of the book treats of the posthumous influence of this courageous and consecrated career. The book is largely made up from Livingstone's unpublished journals and correspondence, in the possession of his family, so we come into close contact with the mind and heart of the man himself. A thought that the hero of this book repeats again and again is, "He that believeth shall not make haste." Speaking of the moral impurity and degradation which missionaries constantly have to contemplate, he recommends his fellow-workers to cultivate a taste for the beautiful in Nature, and cheer the heart by observing the operation of an ever-present Intelligence. He says: "We must feel that there is a Governor among the nations, who will bring all his plans with respect to our human family to a glorious consummation. He who stays his mind on his ever-present, ever-energetic God, will not fret himself because of evil doers."

Stanley's books have for years made us familiar with the search for Livingstone, and the ultimate finding of him, and this standard life of Livingstone, by Dr. Blaikie, is only a new and cheaper edition of a book that has long been in the market. Nevertheless, one does not waste one's time by reading this condensed book through from cover to cover, and coming once more in close touch with the man who did his part in healing the woes of Darkest Africa. Livingstone's last words are inscribed on the black slab which marks his resting place, near the center of the nave of Westminster Abbey: "All I can say in my solitude is, may Heaven's rich blessing come down on everyone—American, English, Turk—who will help to heal this open sore of the world." Death came to him as he knelt by his



bedside in prayer. He had once expressed the wish that his grave might be "in the still, still forest," and his heart was buried in such a place, near the spot where he died, in the interior of Africa. But his bones were taken to England, and buried in Westminster Abbey. G. H. C.

#### SIDE LIGHTS FROM PERIODICALS.

Light upon Japan emanates from several periodicals this month, with especial bearing upon her art, her literature, and her commercial progress. In the *Century* for May appears "An Outline of Japanese Art," Part I., by Ernest F. Fenollosa, illustrated by striking examples of ancient and modern art which, it is shown, has developed through the centuries, according to political changes and under the influence of varying religions.

A comprehensive, brief resumé of "The Literature of Japan," in *Lippincott's* for May, by Joslyn L. Smith, gives us valuable knowledge in a nutshell. We can easily remember two periods, one before 1853, when the Americans opened Japan, one since; the former, a period of original, characteristic Japanese literature; the latter, one of imitation largely. The peculiarities of these light, Oriental compositions are interesting, one being an absence of all topics relating to war, the favorite topics in so many literatures.

From *Littell's Living Age*, May, we learn that several articles, matches among others, "Made in Japan," are exported so largely to India, and sold so cheaply, that the writer feels alarmed for English trade in that country. This reminds us that in Mr. Ishii's Orphanage the little children engage in the match industry for their own good and for some slight help to the institution.

One more light upon this attractive country shines from the *Cosmopolitan* for May: "The Wistaria Shrine of Kameido," by Theo. Wores. Here we have light-hearted, gay, æsthetic Japan flocking in holiday attire to the old shrine in one of Tokio's suburbs, not so much to worship as to enjoy the marvelous wistarias, which hang in clusters everywhere, and to linger among picturesque gardens. A traveler in the midst of such a scene might well be deceived as to the real Japan, with its hollowness of social life and its heart needs.

It is a leap from Japan thus portrayed to a long, exhaustive, yet brilliant, paper upon "The Liquor Traffic with West Africa," by Miss Mary Kingsley, in *Fortnightly Review*, April.

In the *Forum*, May, "Germany and China," by M. von Brandt, may be of interest in understanding the places and moves of the Powers in China.

M. L. D.

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#### TOPICS FOR AUXILIARY MEETINGS.

*June*.—Land Yet to be Possessed. See LIFE AND LIGHT for April.

*July*.—Young People's Work.

*August*.—The Island World.

*September*.—East Central Africa.

*October*.—West Central Africa.

*November*.—Thank-offering Meetings.

## YOUNG PEOPLE'S WORK.

## TOPIC FOR JULY.

FOR this meeting we would suggest a grand missionary rally for all the young people of the church, junior auxiliary, mission circle, Christian Endeavor, Junior Christian Endeavor. If possible, let it be an out-of-door meeting, on a lawn, a veranda, or even in the woods. It should be held under the auspices of some one of the societies,—the senior auxiliary, or preferably the junior auxiliary. In either case we suggest a programme on young people's work, on one of the two following lines:—

1. (1) A sketch of the work done by each of the local junior societies, giving an account of it from the beginning so far as possible. (2) A meeting carried on by the children, as suggested in "Hints for Children's Meetings," in the different numbers of LIFE AND LIGHT for 1896, selecting one on the country in which the mission circle is specially interested, or the one on "Missionary Literature" (January), or "Kindergartens in Different Countries" (July), or "Thank Offerings" (October).

2. (1) A sketch of the young people's work of the Board. See Annual Reports of the W. B. M. for 1893-97 (Home Work). (2) Sketch of Foreign Work: (a) Medical (India); see leaflet, "Medical Work in the Villages of Southern India," by Dr. Pauline Root; also, LIFE AND LIGHT for July, 1887, March, 1888, May, 1891, January and May, 1895, April, 1896, November, 1897; (China) leaflet, "The Tung-cho Dispensary"; LIFE AND LIGHT for October, 1886, November, 1887, April, June, and October, 1888. December, 1889, February, 1891, May, 1895, July and September, 1896, October, 1897; (Turkey) LIFE AND LIGHT for May, 1895, November, 1896, November, 1897; (Africa) May, 1895, June, 1897, February, 1898. (b) Sketch of Village School Work. See leaflet, "Village Schools in Turkey, China, and Other Countries; LIFE AND LIGHT for August, 1893, April, 1896 (India).

## WOMAN'S BOARD OF MISSIONS.

Receipts from March 18, 1898, to April 18, 1898.

MISS SARAH LOUISE DAY, Treasurer.

## MAINE.

*Maine Branch.*—Mrs. C. C. Chapman, Treas. Auburn, 6th St. Cong. Ch., Ladies' Miss. Soc., 5; Brunswick, Aux., 2; Calais, Aux., 37; Lebanon Centre, Aux., 12; Portland, State St. Ch., Aux., 5.38; Sonesville, M. C., 2.20; Westbrook, Aux., 26.69, Interim. Dept. S. S., 13.26, C. E. S., 10,

133 53

Total, 133 53

## NEW HAMPSHIRE.

*Lebanon.*—Three children, 20  
*New Hampshire Branch.*—Miss Abby E. McIntire, Treas. Berlin Mills, Cong. Ch., Jr. C. E. S., 4; Bethlehem, Cong. Ch., S. S., 11; Chester, A Friend, 3.50; Dunbarton, Aux., 10; Exeter, Aux. (of wh. 49.27 Th. Off.), 66.27, First Ch., Miss Fannie Smith's S. S. Class, 5.39; Hanover, Dartmouth Ch., S. S., 20; Harrisville, C. E. S., 2.55; Jaffrey, C. E. Soc., 7.20; Jaffrey, East, Aux., 2; Keene,

20

Second Ch., Little Light Bearers, 6; Lebanon, Jr. C. E. S., 1, Miss Washburn's S. S. Class, 1; Lisbon, Mrs. A. B. Taft, 2; Littleton, Aux., 20; Lyndeboro, Aux., 6.88, May Off., 93 cts.; Manchester, Miss H. J. Parkhurst, 50, Franklin St. Ch., Jr. C. E. S., 6.6; Meriden, Hillside Lights, 5.89; Milford, Heralds of the King, 17; Nashua, Aux., 32; Nelson, one Willing Worker, 1; Newport, Newport Workers, 25; Portsmouth, North Ch., 9.50; Salem, Aux., 10; Suncook, Mrs. P. A. Mills, 5; Swasey, C. E. Soc., 8; Warner, Aux., 5, Easter Off., 1, Cheerful Workers, 1; Wentworth, Aux., 5. Less expenses, 65.50,

286 17

Total, 286 47

## VERMONT.

*Putney.*—Mrs. A. S. Taft, 5 00  
*Vermont Branch.*—Mrs. T. M. Howard, Treas. Barton Landing, C. E. S., 15; Bellows Falls, C. E. S., 5, Mt. Kilburn Miss. Soc., 50; Benson, Aux., 17.10;

5 00

Brattleboro, West, King's Daughters, 5; Burlington, Daughters of the Covenant, 30.65; Cambridge, C. E. S., 1.40; Lunenburg, Miss L. A. Thomas's S. S. Class, 50 cts.; Newport, Aux., 9; Pownall, No., Sunshine Band, 3; St. Johnsbury, So. Ch., Aux., 36.90, No. Ch., Aux., 22.19; Westminster, West (to const. L. M. Miss Clara Belle Ranney), 25; Wilder, Extra-Cent-a-Day Band, 10,

230 74

Total, 235 74

## MASSACHUSETTS.

*Andover and Woburn Branch.*—Mrs. G. W. Dinsmore, Treas. Andover, Abbott Academy, Jr. Aux., 12.35; Bedford, Senior Golden Rule Soc., 2, Easter Off., Mrs. Edwin Smith and Nellie M. Whittemore, 1; Lawrence, Lawrence St. Ch., Aux., 41, Trin. Ch., S. S., 3; Lowell, First Cong. Ch., C. E. S., 25; Winchester, Aux. (of wh. 25 to const. L. M. Mrs. Martha F. Baldwin), 51,

135 35

*Barnstable Co. Branch.*—Miss Amelia Snow, Treas. Hatchville, Aux., 2; Sandwich, Aux., 12.63; South Wellfleet, Aux., 2,

16 63

*Essex South Branch.*—Miss Sarah W. Clark, Treas. Beverly, Dane St. Ch., Aux., 34; Dunvers, Maple St. Ch., Aux., 23; Lynn, Chestnut St. Ch., Aux., 3.33, No. Ch., Aux., 3; Lynnfield, So., Aux., 15; Marblehead, Aux., 11.27; Salem, Tab. Ch., C. E. S., 10; Swampscott, Aux., 11; Wenham, C. E. S., 2.64,

113 24

*Franklin Co. Branch.*—Miss Lucy A. Sparhawk, Treas. Charlemont, East, Riverside M. B., 5; Hawley, Cong. Ch., 4, Aux., 5.49,

14 40

*Hampshire Co. Branch.*—Miss Harriet J. Kneeland, Treas. Amherst, Aux. (of wh. 59 to const. L. M.'s Mrs. George D. Olds, Mrs. Eliza E. Rideout), 138.29; No. Hadley, Aux., 16; Northampton, Edwards Ch., 11.75; So. Hadley, Mt. Holyoke College, Members of Faculty, 60; Ware, First Cong. Ch., S. S., 20,

246 04

*Middlesex Branch.*—Mrs. E. H. Bigelow, Treas. Lincoln, S. S., 20; Marlboro, Aux., 32; Milford, Aux., 10; Natick, C. E. S., 10; Saxonville, 5.20; Sudbury, 4.7; Wellesley, Aux. (of wh. 47.57 Th. Off.), 59.37, Wellesley College Christian Ass'n, 200,

341 27

*Norfolk and Pilgrim Branch.*—Miss Sarah F. Firrell, Treas. Braintree, Aux. 9.15; Brockton, Aux. (of wh. 2 Th. Off.), 100.03, Porter Ch., C. E. S., 5, Waldo Cong. Ch., Ladies' Miss. Soc., 9.35; Cohasset, Aux. (of wh. 5 Th. Off.), 38.70; Halifax, C. E. S., 6.16; Hanover, Aux., 4, Second Ch., C. E. S., 7.60; Hanson, Aux., 6.17; Hingham, Jr. C. E. S., 3.50; Marshfield, Golden Rule M. C., 12.55; Plympton, Aux., 2.65; Quincy, Aux., 31; Randolph, Aux., 10; Rockland, Aux., 50; Scituate, Aux., 8; Weymouth, East, Aux., 39.62, C. E. S., 10; Weymouth, North, Busy Bees, 75; Weymouth, South, Aux., Old So. Ch., 2.85; Wollaston, Aux., 16,

450 33

*No. Middlesex Branch.*—Miss Julia S. Conant, Treas. Acton, Cradle Roll, 4.13; Shirley, Helping Hands M. C., 5,

9 13

*Old Colony Branch.*—Miss Frances J. Rannels, Treas. Attleboro, Aux., 87.36, Second Cong. Ch., S. S., 40, Aux., 62.64, C. E. S., 10, Cradle Roll, 1; Berkley,

Aux., 12; Fall River, Aux., 330; Marion, Aux., 15, Prim. Dept., S. S., 7; Rochester, C. E. S., 10; Somerset, Aux., 20, Whatsoever Circle, 15; Westport, Aux., 12.20,

623 20

10 00

*Randolph.*—Miss Abby W. Turner, *Springfield Branch.*—Miss Harriet T. Buckingham, Treas. Holyoke, Second Ch., Ladies' Prayer Circle, 11; Indian Orchard, Willing Helpers, 12; Palmer, Second Ch., Aux., 15; Springfield, Olivet Ch., Aux., 32.31, So. Ch., Aux., 55.20; Wilbraham, Aux., 2,

127 51

*Suffolk Branch.*—Miss Myra B. Child, Treas. Allston, Cong. Ch., Jr. C. E. S., 6.02; Anburdale, Aux., 24; Boston, H. W. Adams, 10 cts., Berkeley Temple, Aux., 105.50, Central Ch., Aux., 60.10, Adabazar Circle, 39.30, Mt. Vernon Ch., Aux., 84.30, Park St. Ch., Jr. Aux., 15, Old So. Ch., Aux., 162.50, Kindergarten Class, S. S., 3.37, Union Ch., Aux., 30.90, Y. L. Aux., 75; Brighton, Cong. Ch., Bible School, 50, Jr. C. E. S., 4.10; Brookline, Mrs. H. P. Somers, 50 cts.; Harvard Ch., Abby M. Colby M. C., 10; Chelsea, First Ch., 93.15, Aux., 94.50, Y. L. Aux., 27.25; Dorchester, Pilgrim Ch., Aux., 10, Second Ch., Y. L. Aux., 60, Village Ch., Aux., 120; Hyde Park, Jr. Aux., 5; Jamaica Plain, Boylston Ch., C. E. S., 10; Medfield, Aux., 1.25; Medway, M. C., 2; Neponset, Trin. Ch., C. E., 10; Newton, Eliot Ch. Helpers, 25; Newton Highlands, Aux., 7.44; Roxbury, Immanuel Ch., Aux., 55; Somerville, Broadway Ch., Jr. C. E. S., 1.35, Franklin St. Ch., Aux., 4, Jr. C. E. S., 5,

1,206 63

20

*Worcester.*—A Friend,

*Worcester Co. Branch.*—Mrs. Minnie D. Tucker, Treas. Blackstone, Aux., 9; Fitchburg, Rollstone Ch., Aux., 6.15; New Braintree, 3; Paxton, Aux., 4; Princeton, Aux., 18; Warren, Aux., 7.25; Worcester, Mrs. D. M. Wheeler, 10, Central Ch., Jr. and Prim. Dept. S. S., 20, Old So. Ch., First, C. E. S., 20, Piedmont Ch., Aux., 100, Plymouth Ch., Aux., 25,

222 40

Total, 3,506 33

## RHODE ISLAND.

*Rhode Island Branch.*—Mrs. Clara J. Barnefield, Treas. Barrington, Bayside Gleamers, 50; Kingston, C. E. S., 10; Pawtucket, Park Place Ch., Jr. C. E. S., 5.44; Providence, Beneficent Ch., Aux., 192.17, Central Ch., Aux., Memorial Gifts, Mrs. C. T. Salisbury, 5, Mrs. Sutton, 5, Pilgrim Ch., Little Pilgrims, 19.32, Plymouth Ch., Aux., 20, Union Ch., Aux., 106, C. E. S., 5; Woonsocket, 10,

427 93

Total, 427 93

## CONNECTICUT.

*Eastern Conn. Branch.*—Miss Mary I. Lockwood, Treas. Ashford, Mrs. E. J. Austin, 4; Chaplin, Aux., 25.50; Greenville, S. S., 11.35; Lebanon, Aux., 9.25; New Loudon, First Ch., C. E. S., 10.61, Second Ch., Y. L. Guild, 10; Norwich, Florence and Lowell Stark, 20 cts.; Pomfret, Aux., 32.50; Wauregan, Busy Bees, 16; West Woodstock, Aux., 1; Windham, Aux., 7; Woodstock, M. B., 2,

129 41

*Hartford Branch.*—Mrs. M. Bradford Scott, Treas. Bristol, Aux., 28.54; Col-



linsville, Aux., 31.67; A Friend, 11.88, C. E. S., 14.50; Coventry, Aux., 19; Farmington, Aux., 20; Hartford, Mrs. W. P. Stearns, 1, Emily S. Taintor, 1, Asylum Hill Ch., Aux., 50 cts., First Ch., Aux., by Mrs. F. B. Cooley, 25, M. C., 13.65, Windsor Ave. Ch., Aux., by Miss Clara E. Hillyer, 1,000; New Britain, So. Ch., Aux., 44.61; West Hartford, Cradle Roll, 6,

1,217 25

*New Haven Branch.*—Miss Julia Twinning, Treas. Ansonia, C. E. S., 62.74; Bethel, Y. L., 30; Black Rock, Jr. C. E. S., 50 cts.; Bridgeport, Park St. Ch., Cradle Roll, 7, West End Ch., Aux., 20, C. E. S., 5; Canaan, Jr. C. E. S., 3; Centerbrook, C. E. S., 4; Clinton, Aux. (of wh. 25 to const. L. M. Mrs. Ella M. Hilliard), 38; Cromwell, Aux., 11.80; Deep River, S. S., 6.70; E. Haddam, Aux., 19, Cradle Roll, 1.75; Greenwich, Aux., 15.89; Haddam, Aux., 10; Higginum, Aux., 87.80; Kent, A Friend, 100, S. S., 6.04, C. E. S., 8, Jr. C. E. S., 4; Litchfield, Daisy Chain, 107.18; Meriden, Centre Ch., S. S., 12.75; Middletown, First Ch., Aux., 103.66, C. E. S., 42; Milford, First Ch., S. S., 3.44; Mount Carmel, Aux., 50; Naugatuck, Aux., 50; New Haven, Davenport Ch., Aux. (with prev. contri. to const. L. M's Mrs. M. T. Gower, Mrs. L. C. Dayton, Mrs. M. T. Landfear), 43, C. E. S., 10, English Hall, Aux., 14, S. S., 5, United Ch., Cradle Roll, 5.35; Northford, S. S., 3.60; North Woodbury, Aux., 40.50; Portland, Aux., 22, Cradle Roll, 3; Redding, W. A., 5; Ridgefield, S. S., 2.30; Salisbury, Aux., 12, C. E. S., 2; So. Britain, C. E. S., 5; Southport, Ladies' Miss. Soc., 10; Torrington, Aux., 35, H. W., 22; Warren, Aux., 38.50; Washington, C. E. S., 17.54; Waterbury, Second Ch., Aux., 133; Westchester, Aux., 11, C. E. S., 1.55; Westville, C. E. S., 5; Whitteville, Aux., 45; Wilton, Aux., 78; Winsted, Second Ch., S. S., 22, Mrs. Perkins, Philadelphia, 5,

1,397 59

Total, 2,744 25

## NEW YORK.

*Baiting Hollow.*—A Friend, 5 00  
*New York State Branch.*—Mrs. Guilford Dudley, Treas. Albany, Aux., 50 cts.; Antwerp, Aux., 29.08; Aquebogue, Aux., 7.50, Cradle Roll, 2; Bedford Park, C. E. S., 10; Binghamton, Mrs. Edward Taylor, 10, First Ch., Aux., 29; Blooming Grove, Kyle Miss. Soc., 13; Briarcliff, Aux., 5; Bridgewater, Aux., 10.04; Brooklyn, Mrs. T. R. D., 250, Central Ch., Aux., 166.66, Jr. Aux., 11, Lee Ave. Ch., Aux., 9, New England Ch., Aux., 10, Park Ch., Aux., 3, Immanuel Ch., Aux., 5, Plymouth Ch., H. W. Beecher M. C., 50, Tompkins Ave. Ch., Aux., 100, Jr. C. E. S., 10; Buffalo, Mrs. W. G. Bancroft (of wh. 25 to const. L. M. Miss Emma C. Raquet), 125, First Ch., Aux., 25, C. E. S., 6, Mrs. Haines's S. S. Class, 5, W. G. Bancroft M. B., 35, People's Ch., Aux., 8; Burr's Mills, Aux., 15; Camden, Jr. C. E. S., 5; Carthage, Cradle Roll, 1.50; Coventryville, Aux., 3.40; Columbus, Aux., 3.75; Copenhagen, Aux., 20; Corning, Aux., 15; Cortland, Aux. (to const. L. M. Mrs. Vanette Corille), 25, Jr. C. E. S., 1-9, Cradle Roll, 3; Elbridge, Jr. C. E. S., 5;

Elmira, Park Ch., Aux., 40; Fairport, Aux. (of wh. 25 to const. L. M. Miss Mary Jane Conant), 25.81; Flushing, Acorn M. B., 18.70; Gaines, Aux., 10; Green, Aux., 12.87; Groton City, Aux., 3; Gloversville, Ladies' Benev. Asso. 60; Hamilton, C. E. S., 10; Homer, Aux. (with prev. contri. to const. L. M's Mrs. F. A. S. Storer, Mrs. E. S. Pomeroy), 33.30; Honeyoe, Cheerful Givers, 11; Howells, L. A. Soc., 3; Ithaca, Aux., 5; Jamestown, Aux., 43.78; Java, Aux., 3; Lockport, First Ch., Aux., 15, East Ave. Ch., Aux., 18.84; Madison, Aux., 25.50; Middleton, First Ch., S. S., 5; New York, Broadway Tab. Soc., W. W., 341, Manhattan Ch., Aux., 20, Trin. Ch., Aux., 40; North Collins, Aux., 7.50; Northfield, Aux., 21; Norwood, Aux., 14.75; Orient, Aux., 17; Owego, Aux., 30; Patehogue, Mayflower M. B., 5; Phoenix, Aux., 43.51; Portland, Aux., 2, Jr. C. E. S., 2; Poughkeepsie, S. S., 25; Pulaski, W. M. U., 2; Reisselsaer, Aux., 5; Rochester, Plymouth Ch., Aux., 25; Rodman, W. M. Soc., 20; Rutland, Aux., 7.90; Saratoga, Aux., 10; Scranton, Pa., Aux., 20; Syracuse, Plymouth Ch., W. G., 5, Jr. C. E. S., 3, S. S., 25, Danforth Ch., C. E. S., 5, Inasinnuch Circle, 10, Jr. C. E. S., 2, Geddes Ch., Silver Circle, 5, Pilgrim Chapel, Aux., 5, Mrs. G. C. Gere, 20; Wading River, Aux., 5; Watertown, Aux., 5; Walton, M. B., 2.50; West Bloomfield, Aux., 20; West Winfield, C. E. S., 10; Yonkers, Mrs. Allan Bourn, 10. Less expenses, 67.66, 2,100 62

Total, 2,105 62

## PENNSYLVANIA.

*Oxford.*—Miss Mary M. Foote, 7 20  
 Total, 7 20

## PHILADELPHIA BRANCH.

*Philadelphia Branch.*—Miss Emma Flavell, Treas. D. C. Washington, First Ch., Aux., 75, M. C., 100, Mt. Pleasant Ch., C. E. S., 11; N. J., Bound Brook, Aux., 20; Closter, Aux., 7.30, S. S., 6.20, Do Something Band, 15; East Orange, Trin. Ch., Aux., 46; Montclair, Aux., 16; Newark, First Ch., Aux., 15; Orange Valley, Aux., 27.50; Plainfield, Aux., 10; Westfield, Cong. Ch., S. S., 34.21; Pa., Germantown, Neesima Guild, 12. Less expenses, 25, 370 21

Total, 370 21

## OHIO.

*Cleveland.*—A Friend, 40  
 Total, 40

## NORTH DAKOTA.

*Hankinson.*—C. E. S., 1 25  
 Total, 1 25

## FLORIDA.

*Lake Helen.*—Aux., 6 00  
 Total, 6 00

## TURKEY.

*Harpoot.*—First Ch., Women's Miss. Soc., 6 50  
 Total, 6 50

General Funds, 9,805 88  
 Gifts for Special Objects, 125 55  
 Variety Account, 32 99

Total \$9,964 42





## CHINA.

LETTER FROM MISS ABBIE G. CHAPIN, OF TUNG-CHO.

LOS ANGELES, April 9, 1898.

DEAR CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR FRIENDS: I little thought when last I wrote you that the next letter would be written in the homeland, but in the Providence of God it is so. I feel that your prayers had much to do with our safe voyage, and with the speedy recovery of the dear co-worker whom I accompanied, at the request of the Mission, on her necessary return to this land. Now that I am here, I cannot but be thankful for many reasons that I am permitted to spend a short time at home, and among the workers at this end of the line, even though the sudden separation from the loved work was a sore trial.

There is much that looks so different in the civilization and life of our own country to one coming directly from a heathen land, as though the angle of view were shifted. The darker shades of the one bring out the brighter lights of the other, so that, while our eyes are not blinded to the sin and evil so prevalent in many forms all about us, even in Christian America, we yet rejoice at the sight of so much that is beautiful, and true, and good. I have been struck by this in regard to the life of our young people, especially our girls and young women. Surely they can say, "Who giveth us richly all things to enjoy." Nor do I mean the questionable pleasures of the world, but all the wealth of blessing included in Christian education, culture, and social life; the freedom to think and act independently, and to take a place of usefulness in the world; and, most blessed of all, the life of love and service for our Saviour. I well remember how on my graduation day the Lord put upon me a great sense of responsibility, as I seemed to hear him say, "Whatever this college course has brought to you, either actually or potentially, you owe to the world, and in my service you must 'pass it on.'" And does He not say this to us all, in regard to whatever we have and are?

Not long ago we attended a meeting of a Young Ladies' Missionary Society, whose motto was "Beauty for Ashes," and ever since the thought has been present, Oh, if all the beauty of our Christian young womanhood, its gifts and talents, its love and joys, were fully surrendered to the Master to be "passed on" to their sisters who now know only the "ashes" of life, how glorious would be the results! God knows how to use to the best advantage what is put into his hands, and whether it be by calling you personally to the privilege of work for him in foreign lands, or to send and uphold others, or to spread information and interest among those around you, believe me, dear girls, you will find no other investment of your lives which pays in such beautiful and worthy results. May I just bring before you a glimpse of what this blessed transformation, which God has entrusted to your care, means to some of your Chinese sisters, by sharing with you bits of my recent China mails?

One of the Tungcho ladies writes: "Poor Li Kuniang is here for a few days. You know how her mother virtually sold her, and how she knew nothing about the betrothal until it was all settled. Well, she has been abused almost to death by a friend of a mother-in-law, an opium smoker, beaten, and starved, and frozen, until she is in a pitiable condition, her face bruised, eyes swollen and black, and such terrible sores on her limbs that she cannot stand or take a step, except as some one holds her up. Her mother-in-law was determined that her mother should not take her away; said she should never leave the house until she was carried out dead, but was finally induced to let her come and see if her limbs could be healed. Her mother says she shall not take her back, but I have no confidence in her word, and the girl herself says that her mother cannot keep her if they send for her, because of the money given for her, which her mother has, of course, spent. I can only pray that somehow God will save her." There is a bright spot, however, in the dark picture, a gleam of sunlight across the "ashes," for a later letter says, "I think she is really trusting in Jesus to help her."

How different is the word from another dear young woman, who has had several happy years in the Bridgman school at Peking, and is now the daughter-in-law of our Bible woman, living a bright, brave, Christian life, and making her home a center of Christian influence in a heathen village, even though her husband is not a professing Christian. She does not need another's pen to write out for her a tale of sorrow, for she can write herself, and begs me to help her praise God for his goodness to her in miraculously saving their house from fire and causing her husband to be so impressed by it that he has begun to attend church regularly; also for the joy she has over the seven children whom she has gathered in from the neighboring

heathen families and organized into a little day school; but most of all for the peace and joy of Jesus abiding in her heart. Do you not see the beauty which the Christ-love has brought into this life, which has, I can assure you, had its share of "sitting in ashes"?

God grant we may all realize more fully our duty and privilege in being "co-workers with him" in that for which he was anointed, to give "beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning, the garments of praise for the spirit of heaviness, . . . that he might be glorified."

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SPAIN.

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR IN SPAIN.

BY MISS ANNA F. WEBB.

MY DEAR FRIENDS: I wish all at home in America could appreciate what a great thing it has been for us that Spain won last year the Christian Endeavor banner for the greatest proportionate increase in the Junior Societies. It means not only what it would in our own country,—a gratified sense of triumph after a year of friendly rivalry with neighboring societies. It means the forming of new bonds, hitherto undreamed of, with Christian countries, the awakening to the fact that they are not toiling alone, but that all over the world they have companions with similar interests. It means cheering encouragement when they see that their feeble efforts have been appreciated and acknowledged by the world.

And this has come to them as a great surprise, for they had no idea of a reward. I doubt if twenty of our Endeavorers knew that such a banner was offered, and very few appreciated the great numbers and power of the brotherhood to which they belong.

So it was to show what they had won, and tell them more about Christian Endeavor methods and work, that in the winter vacation Miss Barbour and I visited two cities some distance away.

In one of them lives one faithful, Protestant family, who have loyally maintained their right to their Bible and Protestant belief during long years of isolation and persecution. They have all this time held weekly family reunions in their house, to which their neighbors were welcomed, and in Heaven alone is recorded all that has been done by that humble family.

Last fall they pleaded so hard for help that Mr. Gulick decided to send them the son of one of our pastors, an earnest Christian, and an active Christian Endeavorer. He spent two months there, holding frequent meetings which were so well attended that occasionally he repeated the same service because, according to the law, only nineteen people may assemble in unlicensed

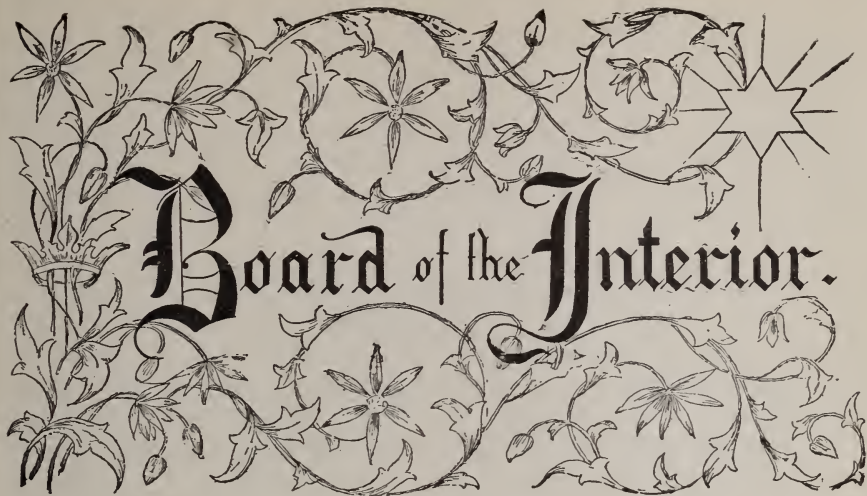
reunions like these. This young man told those who came to his services about the Christian Endeavor Society, and urged them to form one, thinking that where they had no pastor an organized society with a constitution and elected officers would form a bond of union and strength.

Such, indeed, we found it. The welcome to the banner was given in the little parlor of this faithful family. They had invited their friends, and in spite of laws and notwithstanding rain and wind, there were present some thirty people, who listened to the story of the formation and aims of the society, and heard with delighted surprise of the honor it was to Spain to possess for one year that coveted banner. After the meeting all wished to see and handle the insignias of the far-away sister societies. They were particularly pleased to find Spanish words on the Mexican ribbons, and to know that the banner came directly to Spain from their kindred across the water.

In a second place the banner must have felt at home. I had not dared hope for such a real Christian Endeavor Convention in Spain for years to come. In this city there are four societies, and each had outstriven the other in doing honor to the occasion. The church was decorated artistically with festoons of greens, dozens of Chinese lanterns, and Spanish flags. We were pleased to see the latter, for we wish to unite Protestantism to patriotism, which many Catholics consider impossible. Over the platform was red bunting with the words "*Esfuerzo Cristiano. Por Cristo y la Iglesia,*" in yellow letters. Red and yellow are the Spanish colors. And at the foot of the standard for the banner was a floral lyre and the monogram E. C. All this was the work of the young people, and when you understand that they know nothing of Christian Endeavor conventions, you will appreciate how fully they entered into the spirit of them. Not only in the decorations did we notice this. The Juniors had learned poems, written by our poet pastor, Sr. Araújo. One gave to the banner a welcome, and another told its previous wanderings. From the young men's society one read a paper he had prepared giving an account of the different International Conventions; a second gave a brief and excellent discourse comparing the modern Christian Endeavorers to the ancient Crusaders. The president read an original poem on the pledge. The pastor had translated the hymn "For Christ and the Church," which was sung then for the first time in Spain, and they also sung other Christian Endeavor hymns translated by the San Sebastian Society.

This banner has been a real missionary to Spain, for everywhere it has roused not only the Christian Endeavor societies, but the churches as well, and the sermons it preaches of sympathy, encouragement, and brotherly union are practical and helpful to these struggling churches.





## WORDS OF CHEER FROM THE FRONT.

BY MRS. JENNIE B. HANNUM.

SOMETIMES the work of missions appears to us in the light of a burden too heavy to be borne; yet we dare not lay it down lest we fail to do our duty. There must be something wrong with our point of vision. It surely was not intended we should view it in this light. I have thought it might be profitable to lift our eyes unto some of the far-off fields, where the devoted men and women whom we call "missionaries" are at work, and see how they look upon their trials, privations, and labors. Going back to one of the earliest ones, Henry Martyn, I remember his last entry in his diary, "I sat in the orchard and had sweet thoughts of my God; O when shall time give place to eternity!" Dr. Jessup, celebrating the forty-first anniversary of his arrival in Syria, says, "Blessed missionary work, which the angels could not do, and we poor, frail men are bidden to undertake! After forty-one years I can only say, I would like to live forty-one years more." Hannah Marshman, the first woman missionary ever sent out, went to India in 1799, and died there in 1847, having labored forty-eight years. She wrote, "I was enabled to leave all and cheerfully give up myself to the work, and have never repented."

Volumes might be filled with quotations illustrating the joy and delight of the veterans in this work, but we will come down to the present time, and to those chiefly whom we know. Some look upon deep piety and devoted consecration as old-fashioned graces not abounding in these days, but there are

still those who dwell on the heights above the cloud line. Miss Hartwell, writing from China, where her father has been a missionary forty-four years, says, "It is such a privilege to have a share in this noble enterprise of Christian missions!" Miss Hoppin, from far-away Micronesia, two years ago said: "It is seven years since I left my own home for foreign shores. Seven happy years they have been. Happy does not half express the blessedness of them." Such as she might fitly quote the lines:—

"Oh! there are moments when we half forget  
The rough, harsh grating of the file of time,  
And I believe that angels come down yet  
And walk with us as in the Eden clime."

Even better than that is her portion. Miss Maltbie, who has been long in Bulgaria, says, "This morning the promise came to me with sweet power, 'As thy days so shall thy strength be.'" Miss Dudley, of Japan, feeling the pain of retrenchment, yet writes, "Well, it is all the work of One who has promised the kingdoms of this whole round earth to His dear Son, and so we with new faith and prayer press on."

Our missionaries in Turkey have given us examples of devotion which the holy martyrs of olden time did not excel. I mention only a few. C. F. Gates, president of Euphrates College, said in November, 1895: "We have passed by the mouth of the bottomless pit, and the flames came out against us, but not one of our company flinched or faltered. We simply trusted in God and went on. I would not exchange the peace and assurance of God's favor and support we now enjoy for the highest place in America." Miss Frances Gage, writing from Marsovan in May, 1896, said, "I am sometimes afraid I ought to be sadder than I am, but in my heart there is such a depth of peace and so much of joy that I can't be very mournful."

This chapter in the history of mission work in Turkey is too terrible for us to think of. Was it a special dispensation of grace that kept them up then? or do they exhibit the same spirit now? Look at a few of their latest letters concerning the orphan work. We know how busy and burdened they have been all along. Every hour has had its duties, but the deluge of blood has left in its track a host of children, to die of starvation it may be; but kind hearts in this and other lands come to the rescue of some of them. Word is sent to Van that a portion of the *Congregationalist* fund is at the disposal of the missionary there. He writes: "I was greatly delighted to receive the announcement. . . . The number of orphans at present on our premises is one hundred and forty; we are constantly adding to the number." No word of complaint about burdens laid upon them, but instead a prayer for blessings on the givers.

Mrs. Clara D. Lee writes to her father, Dr. Cyrus Hamlin: "I wrote you we had \$2,000 of the orphanage fund. Isn't that splendid?" Would it seem "splendid" to us to have such a care? Miss Meda Hess, of Marsh, writes: "Thanks to the *Congregationalist* fund, we can take eighty more orphans. . . . I can hardly wait for them to be chosen and sent down. I am to have the privilege of clothing them. They must ultimately have two suits each."

Of such consecrated men and women as these, it surely must have been written, "He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty." These are the front ranks in the great conflict; we are the rest of the army,—shall we faint in the day of battle? Not if we realize, as they do, that we are laborers "together with God," and that in the final outcome He is sure to win the victory.

Let me add a thought about how we may view this work in a way to get joy out of it. Missionary work is cumulative. The one rescued from heathenism a generation ago has gone on exerting an influence for good on all with whom he came in contact. Take courage, then, Christians at home, you have the conserved energy of all the years back of you at work yet. Forces set in motion by the men and women now "looking from some heavenly hill" are doing service, and so will our own efforts go on accelerating as the years go by.

BUDA, ILL.

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## FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

### MEXICO.

Miss Nellie O. Prescott writes from Parral, Feb. 5, 1898:—

WE were reminded very early this morning, when we heard music by the band, that this is one of our national holidays. The constitution which permits and protects Protestantism was adopted on the 5th of February, 1857. Our church people, who appreciate their religious liberty, celebrate this day with enthusiasm as no other holiday of the year.

A week ago to-day we moved our school. We are now on the east side of the plaza. I am sure Providence was instrumental in obtaining this house for us. After spending several days in vain looking for a suitable place, Mr. Olds heard that the gentleman who had rented it for a year was to leave town, and although other parties had spoken to him for the house, the preference was given to us. In some ways we are more pleasantly situated than in the last building.

On account of the railroad excitement property to buy or rent has risen very much in value. After June the Parral stage will be a thing of the past. What a civilizer the train will be to this people! People moving into Parral from neighboring towns and ranches have increased our attendance both in church and school.

In the Junior Endeavor meetings Sunday afternoons our boys are especially faithful in attendance. There being nothing attractive in the homes of the children, and their parents not being able intellectually to interest them, they are found on the street playing all day Sunday, except when in church. It is an encouraging fact that they seldom become so interested in top or ball that they forget their four o'clock meeting or the Sunday school. When parents feel that they have other duties toward their children than to feed and clothe them, there will be a decided growth in their mental and spiritual life, and not only in the life of the child but in the parents also.

Doña Tomasa went with me this afternoon to call on some of our sick. After returning she asked if she might repeat Miss ——'s psalm (that is, the psalm Miss —— had taught her). When that was finished she felt warmed up and kept on repeating until she had said all the psalms she knew.

Of the same woman Miss Wright wrote, while in Parral:—

Doña Tomasa, who cannot read, has committed several psalms to memory by visiting neighbors who can read, and begging them to teach her a verse at a visit. Those I have heard her repeat are the 23d, 100th, 103d, 136th, and 139th. What energy, what triumph she throws into the effort!

Four years ago she was a fanatical Romanist; but her son, passing the Protestant chapel, where preaching was going on, stopped at the window outside to listen, was attracted, inquired of some of the worshipers what they believed, received and read some of their books and tracts to his mother, and so brought into the church a whole-souled woman, who refreshes the spirit as a "salt-rub" does the body whenever I meet her. She is a nurse; fears no contagion, goes to the poor, especially the poor Protestants, but refuses none, and serves many without pay, though she is a poor woman.

Her house (made like all houses here of adobe) consists of one small room with a mud floor, one small window without any glass in it, a bed (no carpet), two chairs and a small box, or chest, in it, also some dishes arranged with an air of luxury on the mantel above the fireplace. Here is the inventory of dishes: one large *olla* (jar) for drinking-water on the floor in a corner of the room; in the fireplace several *casuelos*, an iron spider, and a much-besmoked two-quart *jarro* (another kind of jar) for cooking beans; on the mantel three white, graniteware plates (did I not say there was an air of luxury?); two teacups of like material, three or four small





VIEW OF PARRAL, MEXICO.

*jarros*, a glass tumbler (luxury again!), several brass spoons, and two or three steel knives and forks. A *metate* (which I can only describe as a stone rub-board, on which they crush or grind corn by rolling it with a stone rolling pin) lurks in one corner of the fireplace.

Whatever you think of the luxury of her home, Doña Tomasa enjoys the luxury of benevolence, and gives freely of her labor and joyfully of her radiant goodwill. She is the one whose brown cheeks Mrs. Olds took between her hands when she could no longer speak (the day before she died) and patted them with love. I love her, too, and I love to think of the "abundant entrance" that will be ministered to her some day above.

#### CHINA.

Miss Luella C. Miner wrote from Tungcho, Jan. 28, 1898:—

MY DEAR —: Haven't I gone into oblivion these past months just as completely as if the Doric had carried me to the bottom of the ocean last summer instead of to the shores of China? Had anyone told me when I reached my China home last September that four or five months would pass before I wrote to any of the dear friends in Chicago I should have said, "Impossible." But as the days have passed, one by one, the impossible thing has seemed the only possible way. Did you ever observe that fine missionary motto, "Never do to-day what can be put off until to-morrow?" Theorists may object to it, but when "must-be-done-to-days" swarm around like bees, this motto is the missionary's only shield. Never before during my ten years in China has it been so difficult to find time for writing. A few days after my arrival, before I had begun to get settled in my pleasant new home, the college year opened, women's classes began, then day schools opened, and wheels within wheels began turning and grinding. I got caught in the machinery, and extricated myself only when it "slowed up" at this Chinese New Year's time. We are having a vacation of a little over a week, during which I planned to do two weeks of writing, two weeks of studying, and two weeks of sewing. But friends keep coming down from Peking, so I am saved from my ambitious self, and my head is getting nicely rested with the visiting and playing.

You asked for "First Impressions." I am afraid they are already stale, for it came so natural to fall back into the old routine that when I had been back a week, by shutting up a certain storehouse of memory, I could persuade myself that I had not been away at all. But that storehouse is very precious, notwithstanding. The renewing of home ties brings a wealth of comfort and inspiration; the forming of new friendships and coming into closer fellowship with you devoted workers on the other side gives a fresh influx of strength.

*February 4th.*—I tried, you see, and failed. Vacation came to an end four days ago, but this letter, long or short, shall be mailed to-night. One "first impression" I want still to give, because it is not only first, but last,—the glad thankfulness that I am permitted to work still at the foundations of the Kingdom in China. Already we see more than foundations, but I believe that even in our generation we shall see a noble superstructure. We have reached a crisis in this great empire when the logic of events is forcing on all

a more rapid pace. I believe our missionary work will gather strength with these great movements which are impending, and that in some way—perhaps not in my way—China will soon come out of the darkness of these millenniums.

Meantime, with the political future all unknown, we realize the need of pressing our work as never before. How we long to call for reinforcements! How we wish that the latent power in the hearts of Christian young women in America might find happy exercise in this hour of China's need! But, with sore hearts, we acknowledge that gold is more precious just now than lives consecrated to work in the mission fields.

Our missionary force has been sadly weakened during the past months by sickness and the return of missionaries to America. Burdened already, we take up new burdens almost gladly; that returned missionary's salary can now go into the fund for general work, and perhaps it means that one or two more helpers can be employed, some schools maintained which otherwise would have been closed. It is a pity, but it is true, that we cannot welcome recruits with unmixed pleasure. Isn't it a shame? It wouldn't be so if Christians at home could see how much good every dollar does out here,—how serious a loss the falling off of even little gifts incurs.

I shut my eyes a few weeks ago, and was transported to America without any expense to the Board or a qualm of seasickness. I sat in a beautiful church, a perfect work of art. The soft fragrance of flowers filled the air, the solemn organ notes lifted me almost to the gates of heaven, then voices in an anthem of praise made me forget whether I was in earth or heaven. I liked that temple dedicated to the worship of God; I liked the flowers, and the music, and the sermon,—everything except the elegant, upholstered, empty pews. Then I stopped dreaming, and opened my eyes. I was in our poor little Tung-cho chapel, and the ushers were trying to seat three hundred and twenty people in a space intended for half that number. A ten-year-old girl, who weighed fifty pounds at the beginning of the service and a hundred and fifty at the end, was sitting on my lap. There was no upholstery on the seat, no back to it either. Children were packed like sardines all about the pulpit. All the windows had been taken out of one side of the chapel, and against it had been built a shed covered with straw matting, where over fifty sat and joined in the service. China—this part of it—is not a tropical country, and the atmosphere of that chapel was far from balmy that January day. There was no fragrance of flowers. I spare you a recital of a list of the odors, but there was the music of glad voices and thankful hearts, and I was glad that I was in that ugly, crowded little chapel instead of the elegant, half empty church.

But is this right? Are not all God's children equally dear to him? The two or three thousand dollars, which would hardly be missed from the ornamentation of that city church, would enable us to build a chapel which would seat our congregation. "Not that other men be eased and ye burdened, but by an equality, that now at this time your abundance may be a supply for their want." There are piles of brick near our little chapel, bought with the contributions of Chinese and missionaries. How happy we should be if we knew that friends in America would come to our help, and that sorely needed chapel be built this year!

This is only one contrast. How many more I might picture, for the light and beauty of life in a Christian land is still fresh in my memory. Dear sisters in America, do you know how very, very rich you are?

This isn't what you wanted. I was too tired to-night to set the house of my brain in order and write anything for publication. I'll try to do that later.

#### JAPAN.

Miss E. Pauline Swartz writes from Niigata:—

I am busy studying Japanese, which grows more and more fascinating. . . . You know we are thankful the Newells returned last fall. Even though they live a mile away, and the roads are bad, still we do see each other at least twice a week. Our weekly prayer meetings are very helpful. . . . To-day I received *Northfield Echoes* for 1897, which must contain a feast of good things. I find the *Northfield Echoes* excellent papers to loan to the members of my Bible class. . . .

Within a stone's throw of our house is a most miserable hut in which live an old man and a small child, both beggars. The man is crazy, but seems rational during the day time. Priests are not allowed to have children, but a priest did have this child, and gave her to a friend with some clothes and fifteen *yen* (\$7.50 gold). This man, anxious to keep the money and the clothes, gives the child to this old crazy man, who treats her shamefully, beating her, frightening her almost to death by declaring the wolves are coming, etc. The Japanese themselves have made many attempts to get the child away, but the old man, under no conditions whatsoever, will give her up. It is indeed pitiable. Some nights when the wind howls and the sea roars one can hear this man pounding to keep the foxes away, hear him shriek, and then hear the cries of the poor child, who is being beaten.

### WOMAN'S BOARD OF THE INTERIOR.

Mrs. J. B. LEAKE, TREASURER.

RECEIPTS FROM MARCH 10, 1898, TO APRIL 10, 1898.

ILLINOIS . . . . .	\$2,469 37	ADDITIONAL DONATIONS FOR SPECIAL OBJECTS.	
INDIANA . . . . .	22 83	Received this month . . . . .	\$8 96
IOWA . . . . .	571 91	Already forwarded . . . . .	205 50
KANSAS . . . . .	99 44		
MICHIGAN . . . . .	486 24	Total for special objects since Oct.	
MINNESOTA . . . . .	1,924 94	18, 1897 . . . . .	\$214 46
MISSOURI . . . . .	1,008 07		
NEBRASKA . . . . .	61 57	ARMENIAN RELIEF FUND.	
NORTH DAKOTA . . . . .	7 75	Received this month . . . . .	\$9 50
OHIO . . . . .	791 62	Already forwarded . . . . .	155 47
SOUTH DAKOTA . . . . .	96 71		
WISCONSIN . . . . .	421 75	Total for Armenian Relief since Oct.	
ALABAMA . . . . .	5 00	18, 1897 . . . . .	\$164 97
CHINA . . . . .	13 00		
TURKEY . . . . .	22 60	INDIA RELIEF FUND.	
MISCELLANEOUS . . . . .	68 69	Received this month . . . . .	\$17 50
		Already forwarded . . . . .	41 25
Receipts for the month . . . . .	\$8,071 49	Total for India Famine Fund . . . . .	\$58 75
Previously acknowledged . . . . .	16,077 30		
Total since Oct. 18, 1897 . . . . .	\$24,148 79		

Mrs. ALFRED B. WILCOX, Ass't Treas.



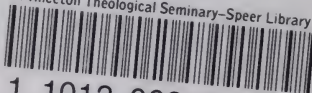


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